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MARMONTEL's TALES,

Selected and Abridged,

FOR THE

INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

OF

YOUTH.

BY

MRS. PILKINGTON.

Ornamented with Twenty-Six beautiful Engravings
CUT ON WOOD.

" Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
" To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
" And pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind.

Thomſon.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE AUTHOR's PREFACE; OR, APOLOGY FOR THE WORK.

IT may poſſibly be imagined by the Admirers of *Marmontel*, that an Attempt to abridge a Work of ſuch Celebrity, would be an Act of as great Temerity and Arrogance, as if a Tranſlator of the Bible was to preſume to change the ſublime Style in which it was originally written.

Senſible

Senſible of the Cenſure to which I may be expoſed, and full of Admiration for the Performance I have abridged, I ſtill venture to preſent before the Public Eye, the Gleanings which have been culled from the luxuriant Harveſt of a rich Imagination; anxious only to obtain a *Leaf* from the *laurel Garland* which entwines the Author's Brow.

Notwithſtanding the figurative Beauty that is ſo ſtrikingly diſplayed in the elegant Compilation from which theſe Tales are ſelected, there are particular Parts of it not intirely calculated either for the Obſervation or Animadverſion of Youth; and though they could never affect the *Morals*, ſtill they might give *Information*

to

to the *Mind* upon Subjects, of which, at that *period of Life*, they had better remain in total Ignorance.

This Opinion, which has the Sanction both of the learned and the judicious to recommend it, was the Means of ſuggeſting the Plan which has been adopted in the following Work, and of inducing me to ſelect, from the much-admired Tales of Marmontel, ſuch as were moſt likely to promote the Cauſe of Virtue.

The Story which cloſes this intereſting Work, was happily ſelected by the enlightened Author of it to leave the Mind under the Impreſſion of Religion and Morality; and whilſt we trace the va-

rious

rious Events which were crowded into the Lives of its Heroes, we naturally become reſigned to the diſtreſſing ones which have marked our own.

Though the Style and Language have undergone a Change, the *Subject* and *Moral* have been ſtrictly adhered to; and whatever Advantage might have been drawn from each original Tale, may certainly be derived from the *abridged one*.

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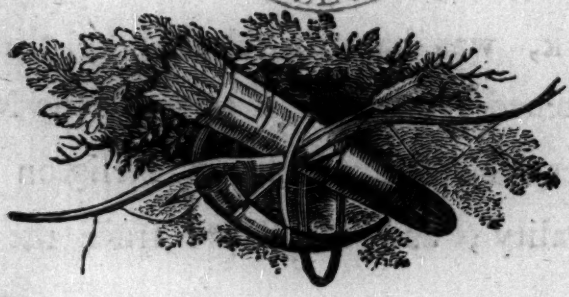


Marmontel's Tales, &c.

TALE THE FIRST.

LAUSUS AND LYDIA.

IT is a common obſervation, that a vicious parent in ſome degree feels the puniſhment of his crimes in the depravity which is diſplayed in the actions of his children; but the king of Tyrrhene was an exception to the rule; and though loſt to virtue, and abandoned to vice, his ſon was endowed with every amiable and attractive quality. As a king, Mezentius was oppreſſive; as a man, unjuſt; and as a father,

by turns weakly fond, and tyrannically ſevere! Unaccuſtomed to controul his paſſions, and unable to curb his deſires, he ſuffered them to obtain ſo complete an aſcendancy, that at length he abſolutely became their ſlave!

Power, when in the hands of weak or wicked men, becomes either an object of terror or contempt; and though the people trembled at the king's authority, they would not have ſubmitted to it, had it not occaſionally been tempered with mercy, by the perſuaſive influence of the young prince, who to exalted greatneſs united feminine ſoftneſs; and to martial valour, humanity and tenderneſs.

If filial duty could have ſecured affection, or exalted actions inſured eſteem, the inſtability of the king's conduct could never have been diſplayed towards ſo worthy a ſon; but ſo varying was his temper, and ſo uncertain his caprices, that Lauſus was ſometimes the object of his regard, and at others the victim of his hatred.

Pride and ambition were leading features in the character of Mezentius; and to augment

the one, or gratify the other, the ruling principle of his actions. His ſoul was a ſtranger to contentment, and his mind incapable of enjoying repoſe. Succeſſive wars diſgraced his reign, and his enſanguined heart was only ſatisfied with ſights of blood.

The king of Prœneſta (a man naturally mild and unaſſuming) could no longer ſubmit to the overbearing inſolence of the haughty Mezentius; and it was finally agreed between them, that their quarrel ſhould be terminated by the victor's arms. Lauſus attended his father to Prœneſta, and gave ſuch teſtimony of his ſkill and bravery, as proved his valour was equal to his virtue. *Victory* is ſometimes the reſult of *chance*; but whether *ſkill* or *courage* won the day is not material to the preſent Tale. The ſovereign of Tyrrhene conquered, and the monarch of Prœneſta fled! and Mezentius, flushed with pride, and elated with victory, triumphantly entered the devoted city. Not ſo the conquering Lauſus; no glowing exultation flushed his cheek, or taught his eye the inſulting glance of power; but when the ſuppliants crowded round his car, the ſoftened tear of ſympathy bedewed it!

Amongſt the treaſures which Mezentius claimed, was *one* above all value, and all price; the beauteous, gentle, fair, and lovely Lydia! How did the heart of Lauſus throb with pity, when he beheld the trembling fair one ſue and proſtrate bend before the conqueror's throne! Then did he blame the valour which had urged his arm to deeds that ſeemed to fill his breaſt with woe! To alleviate the ſorrow he had occaſioned, and aſſuage the anguiſh he had inſpired, was the only atonement in his power to make; and this he practiſed with ſo much ſkill and care, that the princeſs ſoon began to feel reconciled to captivity; and in the delicate attentions of the young prince, ſoon learnt to forget her own ſufferings!

Though the heart of Mezentius was impenetrable to the voice of pity, yet it was leſs callous to the ſhafts of love; and the moment he beheld the attractive graces of the captive princeſs, he reſolved to make her queen of Tyrrhene. The attentions of Lauſus to the fair Lydia, were too ſtriking to eſcape his father's eye; and, exaſperated at the idea of a *rival* in his *affection*, he was almoſt tempted to ſacrifice him to his reſentment;

ment; but, conſcious that his own crown was in ſome degree ſupported by his ſon's virtues, he reſolved to diſguiſe his fear, and conceal his rage, and, under the appearance of confidence and affection, propoſe a meaſure which muſt prevent all intercourſe. For this purpoſe he ſent for the young prince into his apartment, and, under the appearance of confidence and regard, informed him there was an immediate neceſſity for his quitting the capital, and going to the frontiers of his dominions.

Aſtoniſhed at the ſuddenneſs of the reſolution, and ſhocked at the idea of being ſeparated from the object of his affection, Lauſus remained for ſome moments ſilent; and his father too eaſily perceived, by his countenance, the conflicts he ſuſtained between love and duty. The latter, however, ſoon prevailed; and, with that degree of filial reſpect which had always marked his former conduct, he informed the king he was ready to act *obedient to his wiſhes*. But the moment he retired from his preſence, he gave way to the feelings that agonized his heart, which was overcharged with tenderneſs, diſappointment, and alarm.

In the court of Mezentius was a young man whoſe name was Phanor, who had been introduced there in conſequence of the obvious reſemblance between him and Lauſus. The ſimilarity of their diſpoſition was ſtill more ſtriking than the likeneſs of their perſons; and every virtue that the prince poſſeſſed, ſeemed to be reflected on his friend's mind. On this young man Lauſus depended for the only conſolation he could poſſibly derive; and the promiſe of being informed of every tranſaction that was carried on in his father's court, in ſome degree reconciled him to the miſery of his fate.

Mezentius was too well acquainted with the tranſcendant virtues of his ſon, to imagine that a heart, which had once felt and acknowledged their power, could eaſily be withdrawn from the bright attraction; and, inſtead of attempting to ſuperſede him in the princeſs's affection, he ſent an ambaſſador to her father, offering a *reſtoration* of all his *treaſures*, on condition of being bleſt with his daughter's hand.

Degraded royalty, like an expiring meteor, is no longer gazed at than whilſt it ſhines; and

the inattention of his favourites, the coldneſs of his friends, and the neglect of his followers, had fatally convinced the king of Prœneſta, that it was to his *ſtation*, not his *perſon*, that the ſupple knee had bowed ſo willingly. The proſpect of again taſting the ſweets of power, and the incenſe offered to exaltation, was too attractive to be declined; and the hapleſs Lydia was devoted to become the victim of her father's ambition.

Whilſt Mezentius was impatiently waiting the return of his ambaſſador, his ſon was as anxiouſly expecting to receive intelligence from his friend; but when the fatal letter came, that told him Lydia's hand was deſtined to another, his grief broke out in violence and complaints. To return to Tyrrhene, contrary to the mandate of the king, was ſuch a breach of filial duty, that he dare not even adopt it in idea: yet to give up the object of his tendereſt love, without attempting to warn her of her danger, was abſolutely impoſſible! He wrote to Phanor, incloſed a letter for the princeſs, and conjured him, by his love and friendſhip, to act with caution

and concealment, but not to fail delivering it in perſon.

The hapleſs Phanor, faithful to his truſt, thought not of life, if he could ſerve his friend. The enterprize was much too hazardous, and the raſh youth was dragged before the king. The fatal letter proved his condemnation, and the enraged Mezentius thought only how to lengthen out his torments. The darkeſt dungeon was his ſad abode: there he was deſtined to remain until the preparations for the king's nuptials were completed, when his enſanguined mind was to be feaſted with a ſight of horror! Phanor, the generous, noble friend of Lauſus, was then to offer up his ſpotleſs life to ſatisfy a cruel tyrant's rage!

In times of ſavage barbarity, when the human heart was callous to the voice of pity, pleaſure was decked in the garb of cruelty, and man diſgraced his nature by ſports and amuſements at which humanity muſt ſhudder; and even the Romans, who are ſo proudly mentioned, crowned their feſtivals with combats between men and beaſts, and battles between hapleſs gladiators!

Such

Such was the amuſements prepared for the deſtined bride of the Tyrrhenean king, whoſe heart vibrated to the tones of pity, and whoſe boſom throbbed at the voice of complaint! yet Phanor was to be preſented before her, oppoſing his ſkill to the enraged fury of a hungry lion, with no other weapons of defence than thoſe of a buckler and a poignard.

As the nuptials of the tyrant were to be celebrated with unuſual pomp, ſome time was neceſſary to make the preparations; and, during that period, the prince's alarm for the ſafety of his friend, and his ſolicitude for the fate of his miſtreſs, became ſo great, that he reſolved to diſguiſe himſelf, and go immediately to Tyrrhene. But what muſt have been his anguiſh, and how acute his feelings, when, upon his arrival there, he diſcovered that he had been the innocent cauſe of Phanor's deſtruction! The dreadful tale was ſcarcely told, when he exclaimed "Oh! my friend! my beloved Phanor! how have I requited all thy virtues!" Then dropping on his knees, and claſping his hands with fervor, he petitioned heaven to protect and ſave him. In that frame of mind he ſet

out for the priſon, where, by the help of bribery, and the power of perſuaſion, he prevailed upon one of the keepers to exchange clothes, acquainting him with the motive for ſo extraordinary a requeſt, and aſſuring him that no ill conſequence ſhould follow from his breach of duty.

Thus depreſſed in mind, and altered in appearance, with trembling hands, and beating heart, Lauſus unbarred the maſſive bolts, and, by the aid of a weak glimmering light, beheld the object of his tendereſt friendſhip ſinking beneath a load of weight and ſorrow. A truſs of ſtraw was all that now ſuſtained him, from which exhauſted nature ſeemed incapable of riſing! His eyes were bent; his viſage pale; and his whole perſon ſo emaciated, that Lauſus gazed with doubt, diſtreſs, and horror!

"Away with *nouriſhment*, (ſaid the unhappy Phanor, in a low feeble voice,) nor try to lengthen out this wretched life! Oh, Lauſus! my friend, (continued he,) how wouldſt thy generous breaſt be torn with anguiſh, couldſt thou but know thy Phanor's wretched ſtate!"

"He

" He knows, he feels, he comes to ſhare thy ſorrows, (exclaimed a voice half choaked with pity.) Oh, my Phanor, (continued he, throwing himſelf upon the ſtraw,) look up, and know thy friend !"

" My prince, my friend, my dear, my much-loved Lauſus ! Oh ! have we met ? But, ah ! how ſoon to part ! What dangers have you ran ! what dreads ſurround you ! Too raſh, too daring prince, alas ! you know not your *inſatiate father !*"

" I know, my friend," (replied the generous prince,) his heart is dead to *general calls of pity*; but *Nature herſelf* will *loudly plead for me.* Our time is ſhort, and precious every moment. Hear *my reſolve*, and eaſe my mind from torture. To know myſelf the cauſe of Phanor's death, to feel this hand had dealt the fatal blow, would be a load of ſuch oppreſſive weight, that feeble nature never could ſuſtain it; and if *you die*, Lauſus *will not* ſurvive ! I have, my friend, (continued he, ſoftening his voice, and graſping Phanor's hand,) procured theſe cloaths for thy enlargement, and thou canſt paſs the priſon's

iron gate unknown, and unimpeded, whilſt I remain thy willing ſubſtitute; and truſt to *Nature* for my preſervation!"

"Can you believe me ſo far dead to ſhame, ſo loſt to honour, and ſo baſe a coward, as to redeem my life at ſuch a price? Ah, no, my prince, (replied the generous Phanor,) rather this moment let me yield exiſtence, than thus preſerve it at the *price of virtue!*"

Various were the arguments that Phanor uſed to induce his friend to quit his dread deſign. Lauſus remained inflexibly firm, and Phanor yielded to his ſtrong perſuaſions.

The day of horror ſoon arrived; yet Lauſus felt no pang of fear or dread; his friend was *ſafe*, and all within was peace! The king, exulting in the pride of joy, gaily conducts the trembling fair, who, with a fearful, downcaſt, beaming eye, affrighted looks around the ſcene of ſlaughter. A ſplendid canopy received the pair. The circus rings with ſhouts of loud applauſe. A different ſound arreſts each gazer's ear, and dreadful howlings iſſue from afar! The thundering

thundering ſound approaches near, and every heart beats high with hope or dread. The trembling princeſs ſhrinks appalled with fear, and pallid looks betray her inward horror! Vengeance had ſteeled the tyrant's iron heart, and he beheld the furious beaſt approach with all the calmneſs of a cool aſſaſſin.

The intrepid Lauſus, undiſmayed, advanced, and met his furious foe with more than mortal courage! The king with joy beheld the unequal fight, and in the perſon of his ſon believed he viewed the object of his vengeance. A ſudden ſound of horror rent the air; and Phanor entered frantic with deſpair. "Save, ſave your ſon, Mezentius!" was his cry."

The wretched father, tortured with alarm, felt all the pangs of nature rouſed within him. "Will you not ſave your prince?" he cried. "Oh! fly, and ſave!—Ye gods, preſerve my ſon!"

The whole area was inſtantly filled, each anxious to protect the life of Lauſus: but the intrepid hero, undiſmayed, ruſhed on his foe,

and

and with a furious thruſt buried the weapon in his reeking ſide! An univerſal ſhout proclaimed the joy. Mezentius haſtened to embrace his ſon. "You live, my Lauſus; and the gods are kind! Let me convince them that I feel their power, and, by reſtoring to thy fond embrace her whom I know thy heart muſt ever love, convince them *Nature* will at *laſt prevail.* Phanor, I own, deſerves your tendereſt love; and may you long poſſeſs the joys of friendſhip."

Obſervations on the preceding Story.

WHAT a leſſon of filial duty, and diſintereſted friendſhip, is inculcated in the hiſtory of this amiable young prince; and how much do we admire that exalted greatneſs which dignified his every action!

If Lauſus felt the force of uniform obedience to ſo depraved a father as Mezentius, with what ready ſubmiſſion, what ardent zeal, and perfect acquieſcence, ought the commands of an indulgent

ent parent to be received by every child; and how naturally corrupted muſt that diſpoſition be, which preſumes to murmur or repine at them!

Amongſt the pleaſures, the enjoyments, and the gratifications of life, there is nothing can be compared to the bliſs derived from friendſhip! It purifies the heart, exalts the mind, and calls forth every virtuous ſentiment! But this delightful and inſpiring flame is only felt by hearts that glow with virtue. Lauſus and Phanor never had known the paſſion, if vice had been the inmate of their breaſts!

TALE THE SECOND.

THE BAD MOTHER.

THE affection of a parent for a child ſeems a ſentiment ſo interwoven with exiſtence, and inſpired by nature, that it is difficult to ſuppoſe it poſſible for the maternal breaſt to be exempted from it: yet, greatly as it ſhocks humanity, and diſgraceful as it is to nature, inſtances have been found to prove, that the parental heart has ſometimes been dead to tenderneſs, and loſt to love!

A parent either uniformly unkind, or capriciouſly ſevere, is a character which every feeling diſpoſition

diſpoſition muſt abſolutely deſpiſe; yet it is certainly leſs hateful than one, who, laviſhing her affection upon an *unworthy* child, drains her heart of every drop of tenderneſs, and refuſes another even the dregs of pity! Such was the conduct of Madam Corée, whoſe injuſtice towards one ſon, and blind partiality for another, affords a ſtriking inſtance of parental folly and filial tenderneſs.

Monſieur de Carendon, an independent officer in France, had, from the benevolence of his diſpoſition, and the liberality of his mind, ſo far impaired his private fortune, that, at his deceaſe, his only child was left intirely portionleſs.

As Monſieur de Carendon, in the execution of his office, had rendered eſſential ſervices to the inhabitants of the province over which he preſided, all were eager to teſtify the ſenſe they entertained of his favours, by the uniform attention they beſtowed upon his daughter; and one amongſt the number was ſo bound by friendſhip as well as gratitude to the worthy man, that the idea of her receiving pecuniary aſſiſtance was both painful to his pride, and hurtful to his feelings;

feelings; and though Mademoiſelle de Carendon was of a moſt unamiable temper, yet he reſolved (if ſhe conſented) to make her his wife.

Inſtead of receiving the diſintereſted propoſal with that complacency of manner to which it was entitled, ſhe proteſted that nothing ſhould induce her to *degrade her conſequence* by an alliance with a man in the *mercantile profeſſion*, but his giving her a poſitive promiſe that her will ſhould be received as a *law* in the family, and that Monſieur Corée ſhould never preſume to interfere in any of its concerns.

Singular as this propoſition was, his friendſhip for her deceaſed father induced him to comply, and the poor (though haughty) Mademoiſelle de Carendon became the wife of one of the moſt opulent men in France; and, either by pretended regard, or arbitrary deciſion, obtained ſo complete on aſcendancy over him, that, at the time of his death, ſhe perſuaded him to leave his immenſe fortune wholly in her power, and their two children entirely at her diſpoſal.

The

The elder of theſe boys, whoſe name was de l'Etang, had, from the earlieſt ſtate of infancy, diſplayed a temper imperious, indolent, and proud; and the unbounded indulgence he received from his mother encouraged the growth of theſe unamiable propenſities, and occaſioned him to be univerſally hated and deſpiſed; and when the vices of his character were contraſted with the virtues of his brother's, his imperfections became the more ſtriking.

The tenderneſs of James's heart, and the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, gave a gentleneſs to his manners that made him univerſally admired; but his mother, inſtead of encouraging the amiable propenſity, was continually accuſing him of *want* of *ſpirit*, and declaring ſhe could trace the meanneſs of his father's origin in every look and every geſture, whilſt the overbearing inſolence of her eldeſt ſon was denominated a *native dignity*, derived from greatneſs.

The indolence of de l'Etang's diſpoſition, and the inſolence of his mind, prevented him either from making any progreſs in his ſtudies,

or

or receiving the inſtructions of his preceptors with that docility they had a right to expect; and Madam Corée was continually mortified by hearing the encomiums they paſt upon her *youngeſt*, and the *diſapprobation* they expreſſed againſt her *eldeſt* ſon. As James's perfections ſeemed to expand, her averſion daily increaſed; and at length ſhe reſolved to ſend him to ſchool, to prevent the poſſibility of hearing a compariſon drawn between him and her favourite child.

A few days previous to the execution of this deſign, Madam Corée was ſeized with ſymptoms of an alarming nature, and the intended ſcheme was obliged to be poſtponed. De l'Etang, who had always teſtified both an unfeeling and ſelfiſh temper, heard the account of his mother's indiſpoſition with the utmoſt apathy and indifference, and, in the enjoyment of his own gratification, was wholly unmindful of her ſufferings. If he approached the bed of anguiſh, it was with a calmneſs of countenance, and coldneſs of manner, that plainly proved his want of ſenſibility; and, inſtead of withdrawing from pleaſures and amuſements, he engaged in them with increaſed avidity.

James,

James, who had never even been permitted to enter the apartment where his mother ſlept, ſcarcely dare approach the door that led towards it; yet the accounts he heard of her ſituation, and the deſire he felt to evince his tenderneſs, at length inſpired him with borrowed courage, and, with a palpitating, anxious heart, he ventured to intrude upon the hallowed ground. With trembling ſteps he drew towards the bed, and, with a look of fond ſolicitude, betrayed the ſoft emotions of his mind!

"Is that my ſon?" exclaimed the enfeebled ſufferer; indulging the fond hope that tenderneſs at length had touched his heart. "No; it is *James*," replied the lovely boy, fearful of claiming ſuch an *honoured title*.

Harraſſed by ſickneſs, and worn down by pain, nature ſubdued the coldneſs of indifference, and ſhe received the affectionate attentions of the amiable child with a complacency that charmed his tender heart, and taught him to forget her paſt ſeverity. The ſpeedy reſtoration of health, however, ſoon baniſhed the impreſſions of his kindneſs; and the former determination of ſending

ing

ing him to ſchool was immediately revived, and executed. I ſhall paſs over the years that were ſpent there, and merely ſay, they were occupied in the improvement of his underſtanding, and the formation of his principles; and when the time arrived that he was to quit it, his mind was the ſeat both of learning and virtue.

De l'Etang, on the contrary, was one of thoſe ſuperficial characters who, from natural ſelf-ſufficiency, and conſummate conceit, impoſe upon the opinion of the world in general, and, by an artificial diſplay of *pretended knowledge*, endeavour to conceal the real *barrenneſs* of their *own ideas*.

As Madam Corée was continually hearing an account of the purity of her younger ſon's morals, and the rectitude of his principles, ſhe thought the church would be the line in which they would be diſplayed to the greateſt advantage; but when ſhe heard him expreſs a diſinclination to the profeſſion, ſhe angrily declared, he had only to determine whether his head ſhould be ſhorn for a cowl, or expoſed to a cannon; for that

that either the *church* or the *army* muſt be his ſupport.

James, who, on former occaſions, had never preſumed to doubt his mother's authority, felt, on this, it was ſtretched rather too far; and, in the moſt ſubmiſſive terms, ventured to expoſtulate againſt the injuſtice of ſuch a proceeding, knowing that the fortune his father had left had been an ample proviſion for them *both*, or at leaſt ſufficient to eſtabliſh him in any profeſſion he might wiſh to make choice of.

Madam Corée, exaſperated at her ſon's preſumption, and enraged at having her authority diſputed, ſternly forbid him appearing in her preſence; and the ſubmiſſive young man, ſhocked at having incurred her diſpleaſure, dejectedly obeyed the ſevere mandate. In this diſconſolate ſituation of mind, he accidentally heard that a mercantile veſſel, belonging to a friend, was juſt ſailing to the Weſt Indies; and the idea of becoming a merchant inſtantly ſtruck him as both reſpectable and advantageous.

Perſonally

Perſonally to ſolicit his mother's conſent was a ſtep he could not venture to adopt; but he flattered himſelf ſhe might condeſcend to peruſe a letter, if he wrote one; and, in the moſt reſpectful manner, he conjured her to allow him to try his ſucceſs in that ſituation, and aſſiſt him with a ſufficient ſum to purchaſe articles for the undertaking.

The ſight of an amiable object, who had ſo juſt a claim upon her tenderneſs, was a conſtant reproach to Madam Corée's heart; and though ſhe had not reſolution enough to conduct herſelf with propriety towards him, yet the ſilent admonitions of a reproaching conſcience often intruded upon her hours of privacy. The proſpect, therefore, of his being removed from her ſight, was at once gratifying and pleaſing to her; and though ſhe parted with her money with great *reluctance*, yet ſhe gave her *conſent* with the utmoſt *readineſs*; and when her ſon waited upon her to take leave, pretended to experience ſome *degree* of *tenderneſs*.

De l'Etang, who by this time had aſſumed all the airs of a man of conſequence, ſaw his brother

ther depart with the utmoſt compoſure; and in the pleaſures of gaiety, and the practice of diſſipation, was wholly dead to fraternal feelings. As he had expreſſed a deſire to be entered at the bar, his mother ſpared no expence to gratify it; and, by being laviſh of money, procured him admiſſion into the body of counſellors, without his having attended to the ſtudy of the law. A rich heireſs was the next object of de l'Etang's purſuit; and, to enable him to make a ſettlement equal to the lady's fortune, Madam Corée relinquiſhed all claim upon her huſband's property, and depended for her future ſubſiſtence upon the rectitude of her ſon.

Such an unexampled inſtance of maternal fondneſs ought to have made a laſting impreſſion on de l'Etang's mind; but, inſtead of repaying her confidence by any increaſed mark of filial attention, both his mother and wife were totally neglected; and, in a few months after his marriage, his *time* and *property* devoted to the moſt abandoned and the moſt diſgraceful purpoſes!

To trace vice through its intricate paths, or depravity through all its mazy windings, would be

a taſk both painful and unpleaſing: I ſhall therefore paſs over a few of the years of de l'Etang's life, and come to that melancholy part of it where his fortune was *ruined*, his principles corrupted, and his character univerſally deſpiſed! His wife, unable to ſubmit to the indignities that were offered her, had long quitted his riotous abode, and, in the boſom of her own family, endeavoured to regain that peace of mind which had been ſo cruelly diſturbed in that of her *huſband's*. The trifling allowance he had made his mother was at length totally ſuſpended, and that wretched woman was left to ſuffer the moſt abject wants, and to endure the moſt heart-rending miſery! Friends ſhe had *none*; for the haughty irritability of her temper had entirely alienated the affection of thoſe who, from reſpect to the memory of her father, would have been inclined to ſhew her marks of kindneſs! Remorſe for her paſt conduct added pangs to her preſent miſery; and the reflection of her injuſtice to an amiable child, ſtruck upon her tortured mind with all the force of a reproving conſcience!

Years

Years had paſt without a ſingle enquiry having been made about him; and whether he was even living or dead, was a circumſtance of which ſhe was wholly ignorant. To have written to her, was an indulgence the amiable youth dare not have ſolicited; but to hear of her welfare, was a pleaſure he could not exiſt without enjoying; and a friend, to whom he was tenderly attached, promiſed to gratify the fond ſolicitude.

Though it is painful to depicture Vice, yet it is pleaſing to trace the path of Virtue, to ſee her riſe above the frowns of Fortune, and view her reſting on a lap of eaſe.

The perſon of young Corée was elegant, his manners graceful, and his *very name* carried with it a paſſport to civility. He was received by the inhabitants of St. Domingo with the freedom of hoſpitality and the warmth of friendſhip; and the partial prepoſſeſſion which his appearance gained him, ſoon ripened into regard, and grew into eſteem. The rectitude of his conduct obtained him confidence; and his punctuality and zeal in the buſineſs he engaged in,

were ſoon crowned with the moſt flattering ſucceſs.

Neither time, diſtance, or neglect, were able to efface the filial ſentiments nature had implanted in his heart; and, amidſt the cares of riches, and the fatigues of gain, he was conſtant in his enquiries after his mother's welfare. The melancholy tale at length arrived, and Corée trembled as he read her ſorrows! The calls of duty ſtruck upon his heart, and he reſolved to fly, and reſcue her from ſorrow.

At the time the fatal letter arrived, Corée was looking forward to the full completion of all his hopes of happineſs, by a union with a lady to whom he had been long attached, and which had merely been delayed in conſequence of ſome diſpute about her property. To quit the object of his love juſt at the moment he fancied himſelf ſecure of poſſeſſing her, required the aid of reaſon, and the force of duty: but could he taſte a moment's perfect bliſs, whilſt her who gave him being ſhrunk in obſcurity, or pined in want? Forbid it Virtue, Honor, Love, and Duty! He reſolved, therefore, to diſpoſe of his effects, convert

vert them into money, haſten to France, and ſet his parent free. In this laudable reſolution he was encouraged by the lady to whom he was engaged; and, after taking a moſt tender leave of her, and aſſuring her of his eternal fidelity, he quitted the iſland, promiſing to return again as ſoon as he had arranged his mother's affairs.

The ſhip had not ſailed many days, when it was overtaken by an African corſair; and the captain was ſo terrified by the ſuperiority of its ſize, and the diſadvantage which muſt attend ſuch an engagement, that it was with the greateſt difficulty Corée could prevent him from ſtriking: but at length, finding his courage rouſed by *repreſentation*, and *animated* by *example*, he reluctantly conſented to begin an attack; and, notwithſtanding the number of the pirates, and the fury with which they fought, they at length became victors; for the heroic bravery which the gallant youth diſplayed, ſeemed to inſpire the crew with more than mortal courage; and they univerſally aſcribed their ſucceſs to the invincible valour of his arm!

Nothing material occurred during the remainder of the paſſage; and Corée landed on the coaſt of France, poſſeſſed of that treaſure he had hazarded ſo much to preſerve. Eager to behold the object of his ſolicitude, he neither allowed himſelf time for refreſhment, or leiſure for repoſe; but, with all the zeal of filial fondneſs, purſued his journey until he arrived at the place of his mother's reſidence. But what did he feel, and how was his heart affected, when, inſtead of a ſplendid manſion, adorned with all the images of greatneſs, he heard that this forlorn unhappy parent had found a ſhelter in a wretched hovel, where mere compaſſion kept her one attendant.

Worn down by ſickneſs, and oppreſſed by care, this hapleſs victim of an ill-placed fondneſs called upon death for pity and relief; for in the ſilent manſion of the grave ſhe only hoped to loſe her ſenſe of ſorrow! "Shield my diſtreſs (ſaid ſhe) from the keen eye of prying curioſity, and let me ſink unnumbered with the dead!" This melancholy wiſh had ſcarce been uttered, when a loud knocking ſtruck the door. The ſervant, attentive to the injunction of his dying

dying miſtreſs, refuſed the admittance Corée claimed, until he had announced his name and buſineſs.

The well known voice had ſcarcely reached her ear, when ſhame, remorſe and ſorrow wrung her ſoul! "Ah! my dear ſon!" ſhe cried; "and are you come to cloſe a parent's eyes? Or are you come to wound me with *reproach?*"

"Oh! talk not thus my dear, my much-loved parent," replied the tender, kind, and filial ſon. "I come to ſave, to reſcue you from ruin; to pour the horn of plenty in your lap, and crown your days with comfort, joy, and peace! Name not the time of *dying*, for you muſt live to taſte the ſweets of life, and bleſs your ſon with tenderneſs and ſmiles!"

"If I could have a wiſh for lengthened life, it would be to make *atonement* for the *paſt*; to prove my heart revived to love and virtue, and felt the force of ſuch unheard-of duty! Oh, my beloved, injured ſon, can you forgive thy mother's paſt injuſtice, and *own* her as the *author of thy being?*"

"Oh, ſpare my heart ſuch agonizing ſounds," replied the duteous ſon; "and let oblivion bury all that's paſt. Fortune has bleſt me with benignant ſmiles, and I am come to ſhare them with my mother. Let not remorſe corrode that weakened frame, or damp the joy this tender meeting gives me!"

The phyſician who attended her at that moment entered; and the ſudden tranſition which joy had made in her diſorder gave him the moſt favourable hopes of her recovery. Spacious lodgings were immediately prepared, and proper attendants as ſpeedily engaged: but the ſolicitude the amiable Corée experienced for the recovery of his mother, induced him ſcarcely ever to leave the ſide of her bed. With careful zeal he adminiſtered all her medicines, and with anxious ſolicitude watched their effect. As her complaint ſubſided, his joys increaſed; and he had ſoon the happineſs of ſeeing her reſtored to affluence and health.

De l'Etang's vices carried with them their own puniſhment; and, before he had well attained complete manhood, brought on the premature infirmities

firmities of age. His death ſoon put an end to his ſufferings, and cloſed a life adorned with *no one virtue!*

Madam Corée, gratified by the tender aſſiduities of her ſon, was eaſily perſuaded to accompany him to the Weſt-Indies; and in the mutual attentions of himſelf, and the amiable object of his affection, ſhe ſoon loſt the remembrance of her paſt misfortunes; and in the filial kindneſs of the amiable Corée, forgot the ingratitude and depravity of his brother.

Obſervations on the preceding Story.

THE amiable hero of the recent Tale, whether viewed in the different ſituations of adverſity or proſperity, is alike entitled to admiration and applauſe; and whether conſidered as a ſon, a brother, or a man, is a charming example for general imitation!

In the catalogue of *human* duties, parental obedience claims the preference; but it is to be pre-ſuppoſed that the child is bound to fulfil them by the ties of *gratitude*, as well as the bonds of nature; and that the author of its being has uniformly evinced an intereſt in its welfare, and a ſolicitude for its happineſs!

The little hiſtory juſt recorded, proves what has ſometimes been diſputed, *(the exiſtence* of an *unnatural parent*;) and whilſt we avert our eyes from an object ſo diſgraceful to human nature, we gladly turn them upon one ſo completely calculated to adorn it.

What leſſons of humility, and what precepts of duty, may be inferred from the deſcription of that amiable young man's conduct; and how highly to be praiſed was the one action of flying to the *relief* of a diſtreſſed mother, when we reflect that he had never experienced a mother's love, never felt the joy of a parent's fondneſs! To confer benefits, or impart favours, is certainly one of the higheſt gratifications humanity can receive; and how greatly muſt the ſatisfaction be increaſed, when the author of our being is the

the object on whom they are beſtowed! How refined muſt be the felicity, and how complete the bliſs, when we enjoy the power of making a return for *days of ſolicitude*, and *years of kindneſs*; and to be able to ſtrew with flowers the declining path of life, which misfortune had entangled with thorns and briars!

If Corée flew on the wings of filial duty to the ſupport and aſſiſtance of an *unnatural mother*, how ought every child, who reads the Tale, to anticipate the wants, and prevent the wiſhes, of an *indulgent one*; and, by a ready obedience to all their commands, relieve their minds from that painful load of ſolicitude which every parent feels for the welfare of their offspring!

TALE THE THIRD.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

VIRTUE and vice, beauty and deformity, become either more ſtrikingly diſguſting, or more pleaſingly attractive, by the power of *contraſt*, and the effect of *compariſon*. Though the former Story repreſented a mother dead to thoſe ſentiments which ſhould adorn the character, the preſent little hiſtory will diſplay a more amiable picture, and exhibit a parent engaging the confidence, and inſuring the obedience, of her child, by unremitting tenderneſs, and unceaſing care.

At

At a period of life when gaiety allures, and pleaſure attracts the heart, Madame du Troëne unrepining retired from the inviting ſcene, and, unmindful of the ſolicitude of her admirers, and inattentive to the perſuaſion of her friends, reſolved to devote the whole of her time to the inſtruction of her daughter's mind, and the formation of her principles.

"If (ſhe would ſay) whilſt I am whirled about in a vortex of diſſipation, and a round of pleaſure, my Emily ſhould acquire *one vicious habit*, or *one unamiable propenſity*, what will avail contrition or remorſe? Ah, rather let me anxious watch the gentle opening of each budding virtue, and, as I ſee them ready to expand, aſſiſt their growth, and train them to perfection.

"Fortune and friends now bleſs me with their ſmiles; but in the filial fondneſs of a child my heart will taſte a bliſs they cannot beſtow. But can I hope to drink that cup of joy, if I neglect to cheriſh her regard; to blend duty with inclination, and obedience with tenderneſs? The time will ſoon arrive, when the pleaſures I now enjoy

enjoy will ceaſe to pleaſe; and thoſe amuſements I now enter into with avidity, will then become vapid or diſguſting. Then ſhall I feel the power of duteous love; and from the kind attention of my daughter, acquire a reliſh for the dregs of life."

Theſe virtuous ſentiments, and tender ſenſations, induced Madame du Troëne to take upon herſelf the intire office of educating her child; and whilſt ſhe paid the ſtricteſt attention to the embelliſhment of her mind, her own conduct was a complete ſtandard for the formation of her manners.

Emily Troëne had received from nature a diſpoſition calculated to inſpire regard, and create eſteem. To a ſweetneſs of temper was united a ſenſibility of feeling; and to an affability of manners, a uniform deſire to pleaſe. So completely tender were her ſenſations, and ſo tremblingly alive her feelings, that Madame du Troëne found it neceſſary rather to convince her of any impropriety of conduct, than to *puniſh* her for having been guilty of it; for the contrition of her mind, when labouring under the diſpleaſure of

of her mother, firmly convinced her it would never be repeated.

The firſt principle which that excellent woman endeavoured to inſtil into her daughter's mind, was a uniform practice of piety towards God. "At your time of life, my beloved girl, (ſhe would ſay,) it is natural for the heart ſpontaneouſly to riſe into admiration at what is *great*, glow with love at the ſight of what is fair, and melt at the diſcovery of tenderneſs and goodneſs: and where can any object be found ſo calculated to kindle thoſe affections, as the Father of the univerſe, and the Author of your felicity? The firſt hour of every day ought certainly to be devoted to the ſervice of your Maker, as a natural expreſſion of gratitude to him for all his bounty gives, and his benevolence beſtows. Your ſituation in life, my love, certainly exempts you from the fatigue of domeſtic cares; yet it is every woman's duty to regulate the conduct of her family, and, by an exact diſtribution of her *own time*, inſtruct her dependents in the *value of theirs*. After having offered your adorations to the Supreme Being, you ſhould then attend with regularity to the *minor duties* of life. The ſuſceptibility

ceptibility of your diſpoſition, and the delicacy of your feelings, makes it peculiarly neceſſary for me to endeavour to inculcate the neceſſity there is for your acquiring, by reſolution, a greater degree of fortitude than nature ſeems to have beſtowed; for you are placed in a ſtate ſo full of variety, and ſo prone to changes, that there is a neceſſity for your arming yourſelf againſt the approaches of *misfortune:* for though ſoftneſs and ſenſibility are the characteriſtics of our ſex, yet thoſe amiable qualities are often united with firmneſs to endure, and capability to ſuſtain, the ſevereſt miſery, and the greateſt hardſhips. As *courage* is the ornament of the other ſex, *virtue* is the embelliſhment of *ours.* In the general acceptation of the word, it takes in all thoſe qualities that adorn the mind, improve the heart, and add a dignity to human nature. The virtue peculiarly attached to the character of a *young woman*, is of ſo fine and delicate a texture, that the breath of ſurmiſe would taint, and the blaſt of ſuſpicion injure, its exiſtence. Humanity and compaſſion have been termed the offſpring of Virtue; but I conſider them as inſtinctive propenſities, which Providence has kindly implanted in the feeling breaſt for the ſupport of the unhappy,

and

and the comfort of the afflicted. A ſtudied attention to *little wants*, and a deſire to anticipate *trifling wiſhes*, is, perhaps, one of the ſtrongeſt recommendations to general favour, with which nature can endow a young woman upon her entrance into life. Few opportunities occur in which we can be eſſentially beneficial to ſociety; but we may continually enjoy the ſatisfaction of beſtowing *petty kindneſſes*; and the heart that does not feel a gratification in that employment, is dead to a ſenſation of exquiſite delight. But, amidſt the duties I wiſh to inculcate, and the precepts I am anxious to inſtil, none ſtrikes me as of more eſſential importance than that of a *contented mind*. A repining, gloomy temper is one of the greateſt misfortunes attached to human nature; and yet one the leaſt intitled to commiſeration. I conſider contentment as a *duty* I owe my *Maker*, and cheerfulneſs as another due to *ſociety*. The mind that is continually murmuring at its lot, and lamenting the miſeries of its fate, becomes at length ſo habituated to the practice, that it forgets its own unworthineſs, and, by conſtant repinings, grows impious towards its Maker!"

In

In receiving ſuch leſſons, and attending to ſuch advice, the years of childhood ſwiftly flew; and the object of this incomparable parent's tenderneſs arrived at that period when beauty glows with all its luſtre, and innocence adorns it with her ſmiles.

Though Madame du Troëne was ſtill what might be called a *young woman*, yet ſhe was aware that the tenour of life was always ſupported by a *feeble thread*; and ſhe anxiouſly wiſhed to ſee her daughter united to a worthy man whilſt ſhe was capable of directing her choice; for though ſhe never intended biaſſing her inclinations, yet ſhe flattered herſelf ſhe ſhould be able to aſſiſt her judgment.

Among the variety of young men who were attracted by the ſuperiority of Emily's charms, was the Marquis de Verglon, and the Chevalier Belzors: the former, handſome, vain, and ſelf-conceited; the latter, manly, noble, juſt, and modeſt. Madam du Troëne was no leſs pleaſed with his manners than delighted with his principles, and was continually expreſſing her approbation in the preſence of her daughter, who, feeling

ing no partiality for his perſon, was yet willing to allow the ſuperiority of his *merit*.

Verglon, whoſe vanity could only be equalled by his preſumption, was the conſtant herald of his own exploits: yet when Madame du Troëne condemned his want of diffidence, or ſeemed to doubt his merits, he received her reproof with ſo much gaiety and good humour, that Emily could not avoid being amuſed even with his failings; and though her judgment acknowledged the ſuperiority of Belzors' mind, her heart ſecretly preferred the livelineſs of Verglon's manners.

This circumſtance, ſo contrary to the wiſhes of her amiable mother, gave the ſevereſt ſhock to her hopes and expectations; but, inſtead of blaming her daughter's partiality, or pretending to have diſcovered her weakneſs, ſhe reſolved to expoſe both their characters to her obſervation, and leave her to decide upon the one moſt likely to make her happy. For this purpoſe ſhe invited them more frequently to her houſe, engaged them in undiſguiſed confidence, and heard them expreſs their different ſentiments

timents with all the openneſs of friendſhip and ſincerity.

Whether religion, virtue, or morality, became the ſubject of their diſcourſe, Verglon evinced a perfect indifference to their precepts, and a contempt for their laws; and teſtified ſuch a libertiniſm of thinking, and depravity of conception, that the ſpotleſs mind of the gentle Emily trembled at the danger ſhe had ſo happily eſcaped, and bleſſed the circumſtances that had diſplayed his real character. Every obſervation that Belzors made, and every ſentiment he expreſſed, tended to confirm his love for virtue; and whilſt ſhe liſtened with complacency to the elegance of his ideas, and the ſtrength of his arguments, her heart involuntarily acknowledged their force, and yielded to him the palm of victory.

The diſpoſition of Emily was ſuſceptible to an exceſs, and tender in the extreme. An adamantine heart, encircled with diamonds, would have been deſpiſed; and a tender one, throbbing at *real* or *fictitious woes*, been thought a fit companion for her own. This circumſtance Madam

du

du Troëne was aware of, and invited both Verglon and Belzors to accompany them to the theatre, to ſee an affecting little piece written by Voltaire, in which the heart became engaged, the mind intereſted, and all the feelings wonderfully affected. This piece Verglon not only beheld with *apathy*, but endeavoured to turn into *ridicule*; and whilſt every other eye bore teſtimony of the author's power over the paſſions, his beamed with the ſmile of laughter at a *tenderneſs* he was incapable of *feeling*. This ſtriking proof of indifference and inſenſibility completed the amiable girl's triumph over a miſplaced partiality, and convinced her that *virtue* could not dwell with *apathy*, or *principle* with *libertiniſm*.

In a few days after this circumſtance happened, Emily was aſtoniſhed at receiving a letter from the Marquis, declaring his attachment, and intreating her to crown it with ſucceſs. Shocked at the idea of his preſuming to apply to her without obtaining her mother's approbation, and convinced he was a man with whom ſhe muſt never hope for happineſs, ſhe requeſted he might receive a poſitive refuſal; and Madam du Troëne, anxious to diſcover whether her wiſhes were likely

likely to be gratified with regard to Belzors, informed her that he had made a ſimilar propoſal; and conjured her daughter to determine in what manner his letter ſhould be anſwered.

Emily, convinced how much her mother's happineſs depended upon the accompliſhment of her deſign, and conſcious that *felicity* could only be derived from *virtue*, conſented to receive Belzors' addreſſes; and, in fulfilling the duties of a wife with the ſame zeal and attention ſhe had done thoſe of a daughter, ſhe obtained the applauſe of her own heart, and ſecured the fidelity and love of her huſband.

Obſervations on the preceding Story.

IF the diſpoſition is corrupted by depravity, or the heart hardened by a calloſity of nature, precept will make but a ſlight impreſſion on the mind, and example never reach to the foundation of the heart. If the ſource from whence the

river ſprings is impregnated with mud or clay, can it ever flow in a pellucid ſtream?

Madame du Troëne was an amiable woman, and an exemplary mother: but had Emily poſſeſſed either an untoward mind, or an ungovernable temper, ſhe would have followed the bent of her own inclinations, inſtead of being biaſſed by the opinion of her judgment, and in the end would have been completely wretched. Education may improve the defects of nature, but I am not inclined to allow it can completely *eradicate* them; therefore, whilſt we pay the tribute of admiration to the conduct of the *parent*, we muſt allow equal merit to the duty of the child, and hold her up as a pattern of filial obedience, and compliant ſweetneſs.

TALE THE FOURTH.

THE SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

PARTIAL indulgence, and conſtrained ſeverity, are equally to be avoided in the ſyſtem of education; and the parent who weakly connives at a child's failings, or puniſhes them with aſperity and paſſion, are alike unfit for the important office.

Timantes, father to the young de Volney, was bleſt with a ſon whoſe natural diſpoſition was completely amiable, but who, from falſe indulgence,

indulgence, and maternal fondneſs, became the dupe of folly, and the ſlave of vice. His father, ſolely occupied in the plan of raiſing an immenſe fortune for this child of his affections, left the taſk of education wholly to his wife, who, to gratify her pride, and prove her weakneſs, reſolved that her ſon ſhould only aſſociate with thoſe of *ſuperior rank* to *himſelf*; and as ſhe took care to ſupply him with ſufficient money to gratify all their boyiſh or ridiculous inclinations, they readily admitted him into all their parties. Superficial accompliſhments he was taught to conſider as eſſentially neceſſary to his introduction into theſe polite circles; and few lads could dance with more elegance, enter a room with more grace, or ſay unmeaning *nothings* with a greater air of *importance*, than himſelf. But the cultivation of his mind was an object of too little conſequence for a boy of ſpirit to think of attending to; and though nature intended him for a very ſhining character, a neglected education ſoon made him become a very ridiculous one: and, with a heart naturally inclined to virtue, the effect of example led him into the very path of vice.

As he aſſociated chiefly with young men older than himſelf, he thought it neceſſary to adopt all their ſentiments; and was frequently guilty both of exceſſes and enormities, which ſtung him with remorſe, and loaded him with ſhame! A Marquis's applauſe, or a Count's approbation, ſoon reconciled him to a conduct his *principles condemned*; and at length he became dead to the voice of conſcience, and loſt to the habit of reflection.

His father, aſtoniſhed at the exorbitance of his expences, frequently remonſtrated with his wife upon the danger of his being indulged in them; but was always ſilenced by her obſerving, that as de Volney aſſociated with the *firſt nobility*, he muſt of neceſſity imitate them in their plan of life; and that as his fortune would allow the indulgence of ſuch gratifications, his ſpirits ought not to be broken by any check being put upon them.

Whilſt de Volney was thus becoming the ſlave of folly, and the dupe of vice, his lovely ſiſter was devoting her time to the improvement of her heart, and the cultivation of her underſtand-

ing; and was in every reſpect ſo completely amiable, that ſhe was a univerſal favourite, both with nuns and the boarders in the convent where ſhe reſided.

With a diſpoſition ſo peculiarly ſweet, and a heart ſo intirely ſoftened by ſenſibility, it was natural to ſuppoſe ſhe would not long remain a ſtranger to the joys of friendſhip; and in the ſociety of the amiable Angelica, ſhe diſcovered ſentiments ſo congenial to her own, that the moſt perfect confidence and tender regard ſubſiſted between them; and the probability of their ſeparating by a removal from the convent, was the only circumſtance that interrupted their felicity.

Amidſt the allurements of gaiety, and the pleaſures of diſſipation, de Volney's heart was yet ſuſceptible of *tenderneſs*; and he would often ſteal from riot and folly, to enjoy the rational ſociety of a beloved ſiſter. Lucy, who diſcriminated his virtues, and lamented his failings, indulged the hope, that, if he once became attached to a woman of virtue, he would endeavour to ſubdue thoſe habits which muſt render

him contemptible in her eyes, and acquire ſuch as would be likely to obtain her eſteem. Under this idea ſhe contrived to introduce him to the acquaintance of her friend, whoſe perſonal charms could only be equalled by her mental perfections.

Although de Volney's manners were engaging, and his perſon elegant, yet thoſe were ſuperficial recommendations in Angelica's eyes: but as ſhe was taught to believe that his failings proceeded more from an *error of judgment* than *depravity of mind*, ſhe wiſhed to aſſiſt his ſiſter in reclaiming him to virtue; and de Volney found himſelf ſo enſlaved by her charms, and ſo captivated by her ſentiments, that he liſtened to her advice until he reſolved to follow it; but no ſooner had he entered into pleaſure and diſſipation, than her counſels were forgotten, though her beauty was remembered.

In this unfortunate ſituation of mind, fluctuating between the attractions of virtue and the allurements of vice, he was deſtined to ſuſtain the firſt impreſſion of misfortune; and, by the death of his too partial mother, found himſelf deprived

deprived of a friend on whom he could on all occaſions depend, and a parent, who, with laviſh hand, abundantly ſupplied all his neceſſities.

Timantes, more exhauſted by the fatigues of buſineſs than the weight of years, at this period felt peculiarly ſolicitous to obtain repoſe; and imagined that when his ſon found the ſource from whence he had derived his pleaſures no longer flowed, he would be happy to ſupply it by an attention to buſineſs; and would willingly conſent to take an active part in that ſcene, from which he found himſelf ſo anxious to retire.

But the education de Volney had received, and the companions with whom he had aſſociated, taught him to conſider the employment of a *merchant* far beneath the dignity of a *gentleman*; and he abſolutely refuſed having any concerns with it.

"Well, (ſaid his father, mortified at this *weak reſolution*,) would you wiſh to ſignalize yourſelf in the field of glory? or would you prefer eſtabliſhing your fame by the power of

your eloquence? The law or the ſword may equally adorn the *character* of a *gentleman.*"

"My inclination (replied de Volney) does not lead me to the *one*; and I have an invincible averſion to the *other*. My mother wiſhed me to obtain admiſſion into an office which confers nobility, and requires *no labour*, and your fortune is ſufficient to ſupport me in it."

Theſe unexpected and improper ſentiments awakened Timantes to a ſenſe of his own error. "What have I done, (ſaid he,) and how have I trifled with the happineſs of my child! By ſuffering him to imbibe habits of diſſipation, I have deſtroyed the *principles of duty*; and by allowing him to aſſociate with men of ſuperior rank, I have taught him to deſpiſe the ſource of his enjoyments! *Idleneſs* has corrupted the ſeeds of *virtue*; and the idea of the *importance my wealth* will beſtow, has prevented him from endeavouring to obtain any for himſelf, either by the practice of prudence, or the effects of principle! As the knowledge of my poſſeſſing a *large fortune* has been the means of producing

vice,

vice, let me try if I can call forth *virtue* by a ſuppoſition that I have now a *ſmall one*; and when he learns that his future conſequence muſt depend upon his *own exertions*, let me indulge the hope that he will feel a gratification in making them."

Timantes had no ſooner reſolved upon making this trial to call forth the latent virtues of the young de Volney, than he arranged his affairs in ſuch a manner, that it was impoſſible he could diſcover their real ſtate; and ſending for him into his apartment, he ſaid, "You muſt, my dear Volney, prepare your mind for the encountering a misfortune of the deepeſt magnitude; but one which my affection for you has in ſome degree been the occaſion of. Anxious to leave you maſter of an immenſe property, I have hazarded more than prudence could have authorized. Two-thirds of my fortune, which I had ventured upon the ſea, I have this day diſcovered has fallen into the hands of pirates; and the diſhoneſty of a man I depended upon, has bereaved me of half the remainder! My eſtate of Volney will juſt enable me to enjoy the *comforts* of *life*; and as to its *ſuperfluities*, thoſe I

muſt endeavour to relinquiſh without repining. My *name*, thank heaven, has never been tarniſhed by a *diſhonourable action*, and will obtain *credit* in any part of the globe. I began the world with much greater diſadvantages than you will have to encounter, and I depend upon you for *conſolation* under my misfortunes."

The countenance of de Volney completely betrayed the agitation of his mind; and it was ſome moments before he was capable even of articulating a word. At length he exclaimed, in a tone of horror, "*Ruined! did you ſay*, my father! What—*Ruined* paſt *redemption!*"

"Not paſt *redemption*, (ſaid Timantes;) for *you*, *my ſon*, can raiſe my drooping credit. You are the prop that muſt ſuſtain my ſorrows. But now retire, and learn to bear misfortune."

The tale which Timantes had fabricated ſpread with rapidity; and thoſe friends who had ſmiled upon de Volney in *proſperity*, immediately forſook him in *adverſity*; and, inſtead of ſympathizing in his misfortunes, or attempting to mitigate

mitigate his afflictions, they either ſhunned his ſociety, or treated him with inſolence.

Stung by diſappointment, and wounded by ſcorn, the unhappy Volney flew to his ſiſter for conſolation, and in the endearing tenderneſs of her ſympathy loſt for a while a ſenſe of his miſfortunes. The neglect of thoſe whom he had imagined were bound to him by the ties of friendſhip, had ſo far wounded his ſenſibility, and mortified his feelings, that he could not ſummon reſolution enough even to mention the name of the fair Angelica; but as her mind was above all intereſted ideas, ſo was her heart ſuperior to confined prejudices, and, with the moſt ingenuous frankneſs, ſhe informed him that his *degraded* circumſtances might be a means of *exalting* him in her opinion, and his diminiſhed fortune allow him an opportunity of riſing in her eſtimation. "I lament the alteration in your father's circumſtances, (ſaid ſhe,) for his *own* and your *ſiſter's ſake*; but for you I conſider it as a *bleſſing*. Pleaſure and diſſipation had injured your principles, without deſtroying your virtue: but how long it might have withſtood ſuch powerful aſſailants, is a matter I believe we can neither of

us determine. You muſt now begin a life of *activity*, and your labours will be rewarded by an *approving conſcience*."

Angelica's converſation at once conſoled and ſtimulated Volney. "Let me (ſaid he) appear but *worthy* in *her eyes*, and every exertion will then be light. I will immediately commence the man of buſineſs, and try to merit her favour." His father, tranſported at the ſucceſs of his ſcheme, was abſolutely aſtoniſhed at his indefatigable attention; and, convinced that confirmed habits become ſecond nature, felt aſſured that his ſon would render himſelf a uſeful member of ſociety; and, delighted at the reformation his ſagacity had produced, had no ſuſpicion he was aided in his plans by the judicious conduct of his daughter and her friend.

The ſale of his carriages, and the diſcharge of his retinue, were circumſtances that at firſt were painful to de Volney's mind; but a very ſhort period of time intirely reconciled him to thoſe degradations; and the ſatisfaction he felt in diſcharging his duty, and devoting his attention to the

the improvement of his fortune, more than compenſated for ſuch trifling mortifications.

Lucy, whoſe affection for Angelica had been ſtrengthened by time, and augmented by obſervation, indulged the hope that, at a future period, ſhe might have the happineſs of cementing that regard by the ties of relationſhip, and therefore reſolved to make her father acquainted with the preference her *brother felt* for the intereſting object of her *own affection*.

Timantes, who had long wiſhed to find his ſon's heart attached to ſome amiable young woman, requeſted his daughter to introduce him to her friend; and when he beheld the uncommon lovelineſs of her perſon, and obſerved the ſtriking ſweetneſs of her manners, he was no longer aſtoniſhed at de Volney's partiality; and convinced that he had perfectly ſubdued his former failings, and was not likely to fall into a repetition of ſuch errors, he reſolved immediately to reward his virtues; and, ſending for him, therefore, into his apartment, and opening his portfolio, preſented to his aſtoniſhed eyes, notes to the amount of near half a million of money. "Behold, my ſon, (ſaid he,) the pleaſing proofs

of your father's *prudence*, and the reward that awaits your *merit*. The knowledge that you were to inherit *theſe*, had nearly deſtroyed thoſe ſeeds of virtue nature had implanted in your boſom; and the belief that they were loſt to you for ever, recalled you to a ſenſe of your native dignity, and taught you the neceſſity of *principle* and *prudence*. I now give them you, in a confidential hope of their being no otherways valued than as they will enable you to confer happineſs upon your fellow creatures; and I firmly believe that, whilſt you are indulging yourſelf in the innocent enjoyments of life, you will reflect upon the dangers from which you have ſo happily eſcaped. But go, my ſon; impart your bliſs to the amiable object you wiſh ſhould ſhare it. I admire her character, love her virtues, and her father has conſented to receive you as his ſon."

The mingled ſenſations of ſurprize and joy deprived de Volney of the power of utterance; but, recovering from the pleaſing embarraſſment in a few moments, he threw himſelf on his knees before his father, and poured forth his gratitude in the warmeſt ſtrain; and, after promiſing that his future conduct ſhould compenſate for the paſt,

he

he haſtened to embrace his ſiſter and her friend, and make them partakers in his unexpected happineſs.

Obſervations on the preceding Story.

INDISCRIMINATE indulgence, and weak partiality, have frequently been attended with ſuch baneful conſequences, that it is a matter of the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, that any parent ſhould fall into an error, attended with ſuch baneful and pernicious conſequences.

The mother of de Volney not only proved the weakneſs of her underſtanding, by the unbounded latitude ſhe allowed his follies, but by ſcreening his extravagance from her huſband, and ſupplying his exorbitant expences (in a great meaſure) from her private purſe, ſhe at once taught him a leſſon of duplicity and diſobedience, and gave him reaſon to ſuppoſe his father was leſs fondly attached

to

to him than herſelf. But, amongſt the train of errors which that unfortunate woman ſeemed to have imbibed, none could have been attended with more pernicious conſequences, than her wiſh of introducing her ſon into a ſociety of young men ſo every way his ſuperiors. Virtue is certainly ſuperior to rank, and merit tranſcends the moſt elevated birth; but as de Volney could not boaſt of poſſeſſing either, he was admitted into the company of men of conſequence with the paltry recommendation of *a large fortune*; and as long as he could miniſter to their gratifications, or promote their pleaſures, was conſidered by them as a welcome gueſt; but the moment his brilliant proſpects ſeemed overſhadowed by the veil of misfortune, and he was no longer likely to appear with ſplendor, the brittle chain was ſuddenly broken, and he was left a ſolitary being in the midſt of a world of gaiety! This mortifying proof of intereſted friendſhip was, perhaps, one of the moſt impreſſive leſſons de Volney could have received; for it not only convinced him of the inſtability of ſuch connections, but taught him to aſk his own heart, if there was no poſſibility of making friendſhip become ſubſervient to virtue?

The

The ſlave of folly, and the victim of diſſipation, he had never reflected upon the eſſentials that were requiſite to form a *perfect friendſhip*; and fooliſhly fancying that every man who would make uſe of his purſe, or become the ſharer of his pleaſures, muſt have an affection for his perſon, or be tenderly concerned in his intereſt, he laid himſelf open both to mortification and diſappointment.

His natural diſpoſition was peculiarly amiable, or he could not have diſengaged himſelf from the allurements of vice: and whilſt we lament the danger to which youth are expoſed, we muſt applaud thoſe who, like de Volney, have both courage and reſolution to riſe above them.

TALE THE FIFTH.

FRIENDSHIP PUT TO THE TEST.

AMIDST the various ſources of delight which a merciful Creator has beneficently attached to this ſublunary ſtate, few can boaſt of ſuch refined gratification as that which ſprings from a diſintereſted friendſhip. In all our pleaſures, and all our pains, we are earneſtly ſeeking for ſome congenial ſoul, who can ſhare the one, or mitigate the other; for, as an elegant author (the late Lord Bacon beautifully expreſſes it,) "A ſorrow loſes itſelf in many channels; and joy, like a ray of

of the ſun, reflects with more ardour and quickneſs when it rebounds upon us from the breaſt of a friend!"

Although *eſteem* is the foundation of genuine friendſhip, yet the moſt permanent ones have generally been formed at a period of life when the judgment has neither arrived at maturity, or the mind been capable of diſcriminating virtue. To account for the ſingularity of this circumſtance, and aſſign *a reaſon* for the ſtability of *theſe friendſhips*, we muſt either imagine that the tenderneſs of our heart increaſes in proportion to our confidence in human nature, or that the recollection of our childiſh enjoyments carry with them a more exquiſite degree of delight than we are ever after capable of experiencing; and, by connecting the image of the perſons with the pleaſures they aſſiſted to produce, we naturally feel for *them* a ſenſation of gratitude, and a ſentiment of love, which time confirms, and habit ſtrengthens.

Friendſhip has univerſally been allowed to be the moſt diſintereſted of all ſentiments, and there have been circumſtances wherein its exertion has been

been calculated to prove at once the native dignity of the human mind, and the wonderful aſcendancy that may be obtained over the paſſions, when the happineſs of a friend is the object that is at ſtake; and the following Story, I am inclined to believe, will be ſufficient to eſtabliſh the validity of the aſſertion.

The bonds of friendſhip between Blandford and Nelſon, were formed at that period of life when they are moſt likely to remain permanent; and when the exerciſes of ſchool gave place to the employments of manhood, their affections ſeemed increaſed by the imperceptible tranſition. Blandford, as a boy, was hardy, generous, intrepid, and courageous; and this diſpoſition led him to make choice of a mode of life wherein he might be enabled to evince theſe virtues, and eſtabliſh his fame by the exertion of his valour.

Nelſon was neither deficient in courage, or devoid of intrepidity; but a native flow of elegant language, a fondneſs for ſtudy, and a mind deeply intereſted in the politics of the country, induced him to become one of its ſupporters; and whilſt Blandford was bravely endeavouring to

to protect her trade abroad, he was no leſs ardently engaged in preſerving peace at home. A ſeparation between friends ſo warmly attached, and ſo tenderly intereſted in each other's welfare, was a circumſtance attended with the moſt ſerious grief to both; but the pain of abſence was ſoftened by an epiſtolary intercourſe; and each endeavoured to obtain the approbation of their friend, by a diſplay of thoſe virtues which had called forth their eſteem.

Courage, tempered with prudence, and valour with mercy, ſoon raiſed Blandford to an eminence in his profeſſion; and, in an engagement between the Engliſh and the Indians, he had an opportunity of evincing his courage, and proving his humanity. That part of the Britiſh army of which Blandford had the command, had been completely victorious in a recent engagement; and, proud of conqueſt, and elated with ſucceſs, they began plundering a village which the vanquiſhed had deſerted. An aged Bramin, venerable for his virtues more than years, attempted to oppoſe the ſoldiers' entrance into the ſacred ſpot where he reſided, when one, more hardened than the reſt, lifted his hand againſt the helpleſs ſire, who,

who, reeling, fell within his daughter's arms! Her ſhriek of terror reached the conqueror's ear, who eagerly flew to ſuccour youth and beauty, and, with a look expreſſive of horror, demanded why they had diſgraced their name. "Are innocence and age a ſoldier's prey? Oh! barbarous deed! Inhuman murderous crime!" Then gazing tenderly upon the maid, he bore the burden from her trembling arms; and, in a ſtrain of ſoft condoling pity, tried to aſſuage the violence of her ſorrows!

Whilſt Blandford was preparing the proper remedies for the venerable Bramin, the exceſs of his daughter's grief prevented her from making even an attempt at being uſeful; but, throwing herſelf on her knees by the ſide of the apparently dying man, ſhe poured forth her complaints in the moſt moving ſtrain of ſympathy and tenderneſs. "Oh, my father! (ſaid the amiable girl,) if you leave your Coraly, if you go to receive the reward of all your virtues, who will guide, who will protect, and who will ſhield her from the victor's power?" Then lifting up her ſtreaming eyes to heaven, ſhe beſought the gods to ſave his valued life!

Solinzeb

Solinzeb (which was the amiable Bramin's name) forgot for a while his own ſufferings; and, in endeavouring to reconcile his daughter to the calamity which had befallen her, he ſeemed to have acquired additional ſtrength and vigour. Blandford remained the whole night with him, and Coraly refuſed to quit the bed ſide, where her tears and ſighs appeared a mournful preſage of approaching miſery.

Although the tenets of the Chriſtian religion are oppoſite to thoſe which the Bramins profeſs, yet there was ſo much probity in Blandford's ſentiments, and ſo much humanity in his conduct, that the venerable father could neither ſuſpect his principles, or doubt his honour; and when he found the icy hand of death upon him, he reſigned the object of his tenderneſs into his protection, with a confidence of his guarding it both with care and kindneſs. Blandford received the precious truſt, with an aſſurance of protecting it in the path of innocence and honour, and with a ſacred promiſe of not attempting to withdraw her mind from the principles of that religion in which ſhe had been educated.

Soon

Soon after the ratification of this ſolemn contract, the aged Indian breathed his laſt; and Coraly's grief broke out in the moſt violent exclamations. Her feelings were warm, and her heart tender; and when ſhe beheld that form, on which ſhe had been accuſtomed to gaze with filial fondneſs, no longer capable of returning her endearments, ſhe threw herſelf upon it in an agony of deſpair, and remained embracing it until nature, exhauſted by its own ſufferings, was no longer able to ſuſtain the conflict; and, ſinking into a ſtate of total inſenſibility, ſhe was in that ſituation carefully conveyed into another apartment.

Every attention that humanity could ſuggeſt, or benevolence beſtow, Coraly received from her ſympathizing benefactor; and at length he had the ſatisfaction of perceiving the ſmile of cheerfulneſs diſperſe the cloud of ſorrow.

The amiable Blandford derived the higheſt gratification from devoting his hours to the cultivating a mind where ſpotleſs purity, and native dignity, alternately diſplayed themſelves; and the facility with which ſhe acquired knowledge, and the

the attention she paid to all his instructions, convinced him that her disposition was as amiable as her person was lovely.

Though Coraly regarded her benefactor as a friend, and venerated him as a father, yet she felt not towards him a warmer sentiment; and whilst he was fondly indulging the hope of being able to inspire her breast with tenderness, she merely regarded him with *cold esteem*; and, with hearts impressed by such different sensations, Blandford and his pupil arrived in England.

Nelson flew on the wings of friendship to welcome Blandford to his native clime; and in pressing to his bosom the man whom of all others he esteemed, experienced a refinement of felicity, which seemed to repay him for years of absence! The unexpected appearance of a young female, lovely, interesting, and attractive, instantly excited Nelson's fears: but a few moments of confidential intercourse explained Blandford's intentions, and Coraly's virtues, and he was taught to consider her as the chosen object of his friend's affections.

Although

Although Coraly had received Blandford's inſtructions both with aptitude and docility, yet he was convinced there was a ſtriking difference between the manners of an unpoliſhed Indian and an elegant European; and though he was delighted with the innocent obſervations of her untaught mind, yet, as ſhe was deſtined to mix in a ſociety oppoſite to that to which ſhe had hitherto been accuſtomed, he was anxious ſhe ſhould be able rather to adorn than diſgrace it; and as Nelſon's ſiſter was a woman of elegance and faſhion, he intreated her protection for the object of his ſolicitude during a period in which he was obliged to be abſent in conſequence of being called upon to protect his country. This ſeparation on the part of Blandford at once called forth his tenderneſs, and ſtrengthened his regard; but the idea of being placed under the care of Nelſon and his ſiſter, ſeemed intirely to prevent Coraly from participating in his emotions.

The difference of manners between Blandford and his friend was too ſtriking to eſcape general obſervation: and though Coraly's heart had remained inſenſible to the parental kindneſſes of the former, it had involuntarily been attracted by the

inſinuating attentions of the latter; and lady Juliet Aubrey was ſoon convinced that the charge ſhe had undertaken would be attended with much danger.

As ſhe knew her brother to be a man of the ſtricteſt honour, ſhe was convinced he would take no unfair advantage of a preference he muſt conſider as extremely unfortunate: but how was ſhe ſhocked when, mentioning the diſcovery ſhe had made, to hear him avow an equal partiality! "You muſt condemn me, my dear ſiſter, (ſaid he,) for a weakneſs that makes me deteſt myſelf; but do not imagine I have acted with diſhonour, or that I have baſely endeavoured to ſteal the affections of a lovely girl, whom I knew was deſtined to be the wife of Blandford. No, my Juliet, my heart would recoil at the bare idea of ſuch an act of villainy and baſeneſs. We have, I fear, been too much together for the reſtoration of our mutual peace; and from fancying myſelf *ſecure*, I have ran into the *midſt of danger*. Yet how could I ſuppoſe, whilſt I was *cultivating* her mind, I could make an impreſſion upon what (I imagined) an *attached heart!* Or how could I ſuppoſe that my own would weakly be

ſurrendered to a being I knew was the property of the man I loved? Fatal ſecurity! miſtaken error! But I will not be unworthy Blandford's friendſhip! I will explain to Coraly the gratitude ſhe owes that generous man, and teach her heart to love him for *his virtues*."

Lady Aubrey had endeavoured to convince her pupil of the impropriety ſhe had been guilty of, in expreſſing a partiality for her brother; and, in cenſuring her conduct, had probably forgotten that the hapleſs girl was a perfect child of nature, who had never been taught the neceſſity of concealing ſentiments at which ſhe had no cauſe to bluſh: and, whether from the idea of having incurred her ladyſhip's diſpleaſure, or from a conviction that ſhe muſt not indulge a preference which ſhe had ſo long innocently cheriſhed, Nelſon found her bathed in tears.

It was in vain that he endeavoured to reſtore calmneſs to her mind, or compoſure to her feelings; her exiſtence ſeemed to depend on the indulgence of her tenderneſs, and the idea of its being conſidered *criminal* became inſupportable. "I venerate Blandford *as a father*, (ſaid ſhe,) and

and eſteem him as a friend; but why is that to prevent me from loving Nelſon? Or why is it a *crime* to become attached to a man who is ſo greatly ſuperior to his whole ſex? Was I to accept the heart of Blandford, without being able to return him mine, ſhould I not repay his kindneſs with treachery, and his tenderneſs with ingratitude? Oh, never, never will I be his wife!"

To this kind of reaſoning Nelſon oppoſed all the arguments which *principle* could ſuggeſt, and *probity* ſupport; but ſtill ſhe remained inflexible; and though her ſpirits gradually ſunk under the conflict of her feelings, ſhe ſtill perſevered in her reſolution of never becoming the wife of Blandford. The idea of being ſuſpected of *diſhonour*, or accuſed of *treachery*, by the man whom of all others he moſt valued and eſteemed, was a wound to the boſom of the generous minded Nelſon which all his fortitude could not enable him to ſuſtain, and he became the victim of acute ſenſibility. Depreſſed by ſorrow, and debilitated by diſeaſe, he ſeemed to look forward to death as a ſhield from diſhonour; and, inſtead of uſing the neceſſary means for his recovery, impatiently expected the deciſive blow!

As Coraly's exiſtence appeared to depend upon his life, he reſolved to make one more effort to ſecure his friend's happineſs; and taking the weeping girl tenderly by the hand, again beſought her to become the wife of Blandford. "I am the cauſe (ſaid he) of your repugnance; and now I ſwear, if you refuſe his love, I'll not ſurvive a ſtroke that makes him wretched, and ſtamps me in his eyes a worthleſs villain!"

What perſuaſions could not obtain, fear accompliſhed; and the thoughts of loſing Nelſon made every other grief appear but light, and ſhe conſented to her lover's wiſh. Soon after this fatal promiſe had been extorted, Blandford arrived; and, in the joy he felt at again beholding the object of his tenderneſs, forgot the miſery he had endured from abſence.

The fatal day at length arrived, in which Coraly's affections were to be ſacrificed to her principles, and ſhe was to become the wife of one man, whilſt her heart was involuntarily attached to another. The idea of preſerving the honour and life of this object of her eſteem, had hitherto ſupported her both with courage and fortitude; but

but when the moment arrived in which it would be a *crime* to *love him*, theſe auxiliaries intirely failed; and Blandford had the miſery of obſerving, that, inſtead of receiving the offering of her heart, it ſhrunk with horror from the approaching ceremony; and that her feeble frame, no longer able to ſuſtain ſuch trials, abſolutely ſunk under the preſſure of her feelings.

With eager haſte he flew to ſave her; and ſupporting in his arms the precious burden, anxiouſly inquired into the cauſe of her agitation. Nelſon's countenance betrayed the anguiſh of his mind, and fully explained the intereſting ſecret. Oh! my dear Nelſon, (ſaid the generous Blandford, in a voice of tenderneſs and ſorrow,) how could you e'er one moment doubt my friendſhip? Could you ſuppoſe, to purchaſe ſelfiſh joys, I'd ſever hearts whom fate has thus united? I bleſs my ſtars I have eſcaped an ill that neither time or penitence could ſoften; and now have only to reſign with firmneſs a treaſure *dearer* than my own *exiſtence!* Take her, my friend; and may your future days run in a courſe of pure ſubſtantial bliſs, unclouded by misfortune, and unallayed by care!"

Obſervations on the preceding Story.

TO promote the felicity of thoſe we love, is, perhaps, one of the moſt gratifying ſenſations the human heart is capable of receiving: but to purchaſe it at the *expence* of our *own happineſs*, is one of thoſe ſevere trials which requires both affection and principle to ſuſtain with honour.

In the conduct both of Nelſon and Blandford, we perceive the moſt heroic proofs of *diſintereſted regard*; and it is difficult to determine which is intitled to the moſt applauſe.

That ingenuous declaration of affection and tenderneſs which ſpontaneouſly flowed from a mind untaught to conceal its emotions, and fancying that what it felt ought always to be revealed, though extremely natural in a female circumſtanced like Coraly, would be highly improper in one educated with different ſentiments: and what is admirable in the *one*, would be deſpiſed and condemned in the *other*.

TALE

TALE THE SIXTH.

JULIET DE VERVAL; OR GRATITUDE DISPLAYED.

FEW circumſtances in life can have a greater claim upon the exertions of our gratitude, than the attentions which are paid to us at a period of our exiſtence when the neglect of them might have occaſioned its termination. The tender ſolicitude of parental care commences with our being, increaſes with our growth, and ceaſes only with the cloſe of life. This inſtinctive faculty, which may be conſidered as an inſpiration of nature, has ſometimes been experienced in a very lively and diſintereſted degree by perſons

who, nurturing the infant of another, with that food Providence deſigned for their *own*, ſeem by that circumſtance to inhale a tenderneſs which has ſometimes been imagined *merely parental.*

Whatever may be the cauſe of this refinement of affection on the part of the nurſe, it is natural to ſuppoſe the child will imbibe a tenderneſs for one to whom it ought to be bound both by gratitude and affection; yet we often hear of children, born in affluence, and educated in luxury, who never even think of the perſon that has been the means of preſerving their exiſtence, after they had been diſcarded from the ungratifying employment. This inattention on the part of the child is certainly owing to the miſconduct of the parent, who ought early to have inſtilled into its mind ſentiments of gratitude and principles of benevolence.

Madam de Verval was one of thoſe amiable females who equally ſhone in the character both of a wife and mother; but a debilitated conſtitution, and delicate frame, prevented her from gratifying her wiſh of becoming her daughter's nurſe, and compelled her to relinquiſh an employment

ployment which ſhe would have conſidered both a pleaſure and a duty. From this circumſtance the little Juliet was placed under the care of a worthy woman, whoſe character and appearance intereſted Madam de Verval highly in her favour, and who from that moment became an object of her future regard.

The uncommon attention, and unremitting care, which was uniformly paid the lovely child by the faithful creature to whom it was intruſted, was amply rewarded by the liberality of Madam de Verval, who, not ſatisfied with attending to her comforts during the time ſhe was benefited by her ſervices, made a point of annually beſtowing upon her ſuch gifts as raiſed her above the wants of life. A cow, a vineyard, and a cottage, had all been the produce of that generous woman's bounty: and whilſt its humble inhabitants ſmiled with joy as they viewed the comforts that ſurrounded them, their honeſt hearts expanded with gratitude, when they reflected upon the benevolence of the author from whence they flowed.

Madam de Verval, her huſband, and family, regularly paſſed the ſummer at the Caſtle; and

Sufan was always there on the day of their arrival, to teftify her joy at beholding her benefactrefs; and her happinefs at again enfolding in her maternal arms the lovely object of her tendernefs and regard.

Juliet's affection for the worthy creature gradually increafed with her ftrength and years: and, inftead of fquandering her money in childifh toys, or fooliſh gratifications, fhe carefully preferved it for a nobler purpofe; and, in decorating the little cottage with fome ufeful ornament, fhe enjoyed a felicity greater than its owner. Juliet had continued this annual cuftom feveral years, when the ill health of her father obliged the family to pafs the fummer at Spa; and fhe had not only to lament the indifpofition of a beloved parent, but the mortification of not being able to behold her nurfe. M. de Verval's health was happily eftablifhed by the means which had been adopted to obtain that end, and the following year they again removed to the intereſting feat of Juliet's happineſs.

Sufan was there to welcome their return; but pleafure fmiled no longer on her cheek! Juliet at

at firſt did not obſerve the change; but told her, with an air of cheerful fondneſs, ſhe ſhould return her viſit in a few days. In a tone of ſorrow, and with a look of tenderneſs, (at the ſame time endeavouring to repreſs the falling tear,) the faithful Suſan beſought her not to take that trouble. "Conſider, my dear young lady, (ſaid ſhe,) the days of childhood are now paſt, and it would ill become me to *invite* you to my *humble dwelling*."

"My deareſt nurſe," replied Juliet, (interrupting her,) "why this ceremony? and from whence this change? Am *I no longer Juliet?* Am I no longer *her* who owes ſo much to your maternal care? Oh, ſpare yourſelf ſuch mortifying thoughts, and know that, both in *youth* and *age*, my heart will feel for you a fond affection, and a firm regard."

Suſan had received too many proofs of the amiable diſpoſition of the child of her eſteem, to fancy that, as ſhe increaſed in age, ſhe would leſſen in regard; but the year and a half M. de Verval had been abſent from the Caſtle, had been the moſt unfortunate that had marked her hitherto

happy exiſtence. The father of her huſband, an old man, whom ſhe both loved and venerated, had not only been attacked with a *ſevere*, but an *expenſive illneſs*; and the helpleſs ſtate to which diſeaſe reduced him, rendered it neceſſary that her huſband ſhould aſſiſt in the pious office of attending him throughout it. From this circumſtance the vineyard was neglected, the little farm forgotten; and though the worthy old man was ſupplied with every comfort, it was at the expence of his childrens' being deprived of them for ever! At the death of Firmin, (which was the old man's name,) the cow was ſold, the cottage was ſtripped of all its little ornaments, and converted into a mere comfortleſs hut: yet its amiable inhabitants, happy in having ſupplied the wants of their venerable parent, viewed its naked walls with a compoſure of mind which filial ingratitude could never taſte, or ſelfiſh fondneſs ever have experienced, though ſurrounded with the riches of the Eaſt, and ſupplied from the mines of Peru. But as the comforts Suſan once enjoyed had been obtained through the benevolence of her benefactreſs, ſhe did not like the idea of being ſeen in her *degraded* ſituation by one who had ſo largely contributed to the promotion of

of them; and it was from a feeling of wounded pride, that ſhe endeavoured to perſuade Juliet to diſcontinue a practice from which ſhe had always derived ſo much gratification.

Juliet, who had no idea of her nurſe's real motive for adviſing her to diſcontinue her viſits, ſet off for the cottage with the ſame hilarity of ſpirits ſhe always experienced in the proſpect of embracing one for whom ſhe entertained ſo tender a regard; but when ſhe arrived there, every thing around her conſpired to check the anticipated pleaſure. A meagre goat ſupplied the place of a portly cow; and uncultivated ground was all that remained of a fruitful vine-yard. The garden, which had once ſmiled in gaiety, was then over-run with noiſome weeds; and the little cottage, deprived of all its ornaments, was a melancholy relic of its former comfort.

The unexpected change was too ſtriking for the affectionate feelings of the amiable Juliet to ſupport with calmneſs and compoſure; and burſting into a flood of tears, ſhe eagerly demanded what could have occaſioned it?

"Do

"Do not, my dear young lady, (ſaid the worthy woman,) regret the uſe we have made of either *your gifts*, or your *parent's bounty*; they purchaſed for our good father thoſe eſſential comforts which his ſufferings then required; and now that my huſband has began to work again, and your foſter-brother is old enough to aſſiſt him, matters will ſoon turn out better than you expect, and you will live to ſee us happy once again. It is true we have not a vineyard of our *own* to cultivate, but then my huſband is well paid by a rich neighbour; and the thoughts that our poor father wanted for nothing, would reconcile us to much ſeverer hardſhips than theſe. But, come, my dear young lady, (ſaid the worthy Suſan,) cheer up, and condeſcend to taſte the milk of Louiſa's goat, and a little bit of new bread which is juſt arrived from the oven; and as *I was the maker of it*, you will not think it worſe flavoured on that account."

Juliet partook both of the milk and bread; but the thoughts of her humble friend's altered ſituation prevented her from being able to *reliſh either*; and finding it impoſſible to conceal her chagrin, ſhe reſolved immediately to return to the

the Caſtle. Her mother had already been ſo extremely bountiful, that ſhe was fearful it would ſeem like treſpaſſing upon her kindneſs even to ſolicit her farther aſſiſtance; but ſhe was reſolved to aſk the opinion of the lady who had once been her governeſs, (and ſtill remained in the capacity of an informing friend,) whether it would be proper to mention Suſan's diſtreſſes, reſolving to abide by her deciſion.

The advice ſhe received, though contrary to her wiſhes, ſhe ſcrupulouſly adhered to; and, unable eſſentially to benefit the poor woman *herſelf*, and taught to believe ſhe ought not to ſolicit that indulgence from her parents, Suſan and her misfortunes became the ſubject both of her *waking* and her ſleeping thoughts, till a dream, which ſeemed to foretel a reſtoration of her former comforts, made ſo ſtriking and pleaſing an impreſſion upon her mind, that ſhe reſolved to impart it to her parents; and at a time when nightly viſions happened to be the ſubject of converſation, ſhe requeſted permiſſion to relate the following.

" I dreamt the other night, my deareſt father, (ſaid the amiable Juliet,) " that, on the edge of

" the

"the ſtream which flows at the foot of your "favourite caſcade, I beheld a mill, pictu-"reſque in its appearance, yet ſimple in its ar-"chitecture; and, whilſt the conſtant friction "of its wheels upon the water ſeemed to aug-"ment the beauty of the tide, my mind was "occupied in contemplating the happineſs of "thoſe who were raiſed from indigence by its "circling courſe. Baptiſt, the huſband of my "faithful Suſan, was the miller; and whilſt his "time was devoted to the pleaſing occupation, "Marcellin, my foſter-brother, was equally aſ-"ſiduous in planting a vineyard on the other "ſide the hill; whilſt Louiſa, his lovely ſiſter, "was buſily employed in tending a riſing flock "of ſheep, which were contentedly grazing "within a ſmall incloſure contiguous to the "mill. Oh! how I lamented the being rouſed "from a dream ſo full of pleaſure, and ſo big "with joy! and I am convinced that nothing "could have exceeded the happineſs I then ex-"perienced, unleſs it was the *reality* of ſuch a "delightful viſion."

Every one acknowledged it muſt have been a *pleaſing dream*; but no farther comments were made

made upon it; and towards the end of the autumn, the family returned to Paris for the winter. Juliet's mind was ſtill occupied by the diſtreſſes of her nurſe; and, inſtead of laviſhing away her money in the purchaſe of pleaſure and diſſipation, it was carefully laid by for the relief of the unfortunate. Spring again arrived, and the Caſtle was deſtined to be the ſeat of reſidence. Juliet's heart bounded with joy at the proſpect of being welcomed by the faithful Suſan; but in vain her eager eyes ſought the object of their affection: Suſan, alas! was not to be found! Some dire diſtreſs, ſome new calamity, muſt have overtaken the hapleſs woman; or ſhe would have been *the firſt to have teſtified her joy*. Soon after their arrival, a walk was propoſed; and M. de Verval, as if by accident, bent his footſteps towards the caſcade. But who ſhall deſcribe the joy of Juliet's feelings? The mill, the flock, the vineyard met her eye; and Suſan, laſt of all the pleaſing train, ſprang forward, and embraced her in her arms!

Who would preſume to paint the old man's bliſs, when he beheld her tenderneſs and joy! "Oh, my beloved father, (ſaid the amiable girl,)

girl,) what do I owe you for this rich ſurprize, or how ſhall I merit ſuch unheard-of goodneſs?" "Your dream, my love, ſupplied a thought, which barren nature never had ſuggeſted. My ſtream is now a ſource of real joy; and what was once but pleaſing to the *eye*, now highly gratifies the *feeling mind*; and whilſt I miniſter to Virtue's wants, I taſte the ſweets of honeſt Labour's toil.

Obſervations on the preceding Story.

IF there is a perfect felicity upon earth, it is that which fills the heart of a parent, when they hear of the virtue, wiſdom, or generoſity of their child: and ſuch were the ſenſations which expanded the heart of Madam de Verval, whenever ſhe beheld the grateful attentions, the anxious ſolicitude, and the affectionate zeal, with which her amiable daughter entered into all the concerns of the worthy woman whoſe character has been depictured in the foregoing Tale.

Gratitude,

Gratitude (ſays a late elegant author) is one of the moſt pleaſing exercifes the human mind can be employed in: it is accompanied with ſuch an inward ſatisfaction, that the duty is ſufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful; but attended with ſo much pleaſure, that were there no poſitive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it *hereafter*, a generous mind would indulge in it, from the natural gratification with which it is accompanied. A heart unimpreſſed by kindneſs, and unattracted by attention, muſt either be loſt to principle, or dead to ſenſibility.

TALE THE SEVENTH.

THE FORLORN STRANGER; OR, THE FAITHFUL DOG.

AT how eaſy an expence, at what little pains, and what trifling trouble, may the ſympathizing breaſt enjoy the gratification of pouring balm into the *afflicted one!* Unfortunately for the poor and unhappy, the generality of the rich are removed beyond the reach of their complaints; and, unconſcious of the evils which pervade the world, they act as if *poverty* had never entered it.

Amidſt

Amidſt the tumult of a city, and the diſſipations of a court, diſeaſe and wretchedneſs can ſeldom hope for ſhelter; but in the calmneſs of ſequeſtered life, and in the rational catalogue of country pleaſures, to relieve poverty, and aſſuage diſeaſe, conſtitutes no ſmall portion of rural gratifications.

At a beautiful village, within a ſmall diſtance of Paris, reſided a widow lady of moſt exemplary character, who to the practice of benevolence united the graces of cordiality; and her houſe was at once the ſeat of gaiety, and the manſion of virtue. As herſelf and a party of friends were enjoying the refreſhing breeze of a ſummer's evening on the banks of the river Morne, a gentleman of the number (of the name of Ariſtus) was accoſted in a tone of perſuaſion and intreaty by an aged paſſenger, who accidentally paſſed, and ſolicited him, in *urgent terms*, to purchaſe a ſpaniel, which was running cloſe to his heels.

As Ariſtus was not in want of a dog, and the animal had not any particular marks of *beauty* to recommend him, he unceremoniouſly declined the

the ſtranger's propoſal, notwithſtanding he had repeated his requeſt with an urgency of manner that ſeemed to expreſs ſomething extraordinary in it; and, upon taking leave, gave him a look ſo full of grief and ſorrow, that it inſtantly penetrated to the young man's heart, who felt a ſecret impreſſion of ſhame and reproach for having refuſed a requeſt ſo ſtrongly urged; and, running after the aged ſtranger, demanded, in a tone of civility, *the price of the animal.*

"What you pleaſe," ſaid the old man, in a voice of ſorrow. Ariſtus, though generous in heart, was poor in pocket; and having only a ſix-livre piece about him, put it in his hand, and offered it as an equivalent. The ſtranger appeared to accept it with reluctance, and gazing at the animal with a look of tenderneſs, ſighed out, "*He is yours.*" Then recovering the firmneſs of his voice, he ſaid, "but you muſt have a ſtring to guide him, or he will not follow." As Ariſtus had not any thing about him that would anſwer the purpoſe of a conductor, the old man immediately untied his garter; then catching the dog in his arms, and placing him upon the baluſtrade of the bridge, he ſlowly began faſtening

the ſtring around his neck, whilſt his hands trembled to ſo violent a degree, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty he could tie the knot.

As Ariſtus attributed that circumſtance to infirmity and age, it neither called forth his ſympathy or aſtoniſhment: but what were his ſenſations at beholding the unhappy man preſs the animal in his arms, bedew him with his tears, and ſob over him with the fondneſs of a parent going to be ſevered from a darling child!

"My friend," ſaid Ariſtus, in a tone of ſympathy, "what can occaſion this extraordinary emotion? I flattered myſelf, by purchaſing the dog, I might have rendered you a ſervice; but, alas! I fear I've rather done you an *unkindneſs*, for you ſeem *averſe to parting*."

"And ſo *I ought*," replied the man: "for he has been my *friend*, when all the *world* neglected and forſook me! Many a night he's watched theſe aged limbs, when weary nature, worn out with her care, required and ſought repoſe; yet only found it on the flinty road! Ah! never would he leave, never forſake, his maſter. But, Sir,

Sir, he *now* is *your's*; and ſure you'll treat him kindly for my ſake!" So ſaying, he attempted to put the garter into the hands of Ariſtus, who, greatly affected at the artleſs tale he had heard, beſought the ſtranger to keep both dog and money.

It would be in vain to attempt deſcribing the ſudden tranſition in the old man's countenance. He immediately fell upon his knees, called Ariſtus the preſerver of his exiſtence, and the reſtorer of his happineſs: told him it was the *extremity* of *hunger* that had ſuggeſted the idea of diſpoſing of his dog; and though he thought it a duty to preſerve the exiſtence God had beſtowed upon him, he was ſure he ſhould not have lived long when deprived of the ſociety of the faithful partner of all his ſufferings; and concluded his little tale by informing him, that a bad leg had prevented him from being able to work for many months paſt; and that, oppreſſed by poverty, and forſaken by his friends, he had reſolved to attempt a journey to Rouen, in the hopes of finding ſuccour in the filial attentions of an only child; but that the heat of the weather, and the fatigue of travelling, had ſo far inflamed the wound,

wound, that he was apprehenſive it would be impracticable for him to reach the place on foot; and the forlorn ſituation of his purſe rendered it impoſſible to think of obtaining any other mode of conveyance.

Ariſtus liſtened to the melancholy narration with a mixture of tenderneſs and concern; and, taking the old man kindly by the hand, expreſſed his joy at their accidental meeting. "I can, my good friend, (ſaid he,) have the pleaſure of introducing you into an aſylum for miſery, and a receptacle for diſeaſe, the benevolent conductors of which will, on my recommendation, not only attend to the infirmities of your body, but will rejoice in contributing to the comfort of your mind: and though I believe it is contrary to an eſtabliſhed rule to permit animals to become inhabitants of the infirmary, yet, when I repreſent the excellent qualities of your faithful companion to the worthy prior who preſides over the place, I have no doubt of obtaining an indulgence, which, I am convinced, is neceſſary to your repoſe."

All that a grateful and feeling heart could be ſuppoſed to experience at being ſo unexpectedly reſcued from diſtreſs and anguiſh, was expreſſed in looks as well as language: and the benevolent Ariſtus had not only the happineſs of obtaining admiſſion into the hoſpital for the unfortunate old man, but likewiſe for the partner of his ſorrows. When Ariſtus joined the party whom he had left ſeated by the ſide of the river, the animation of his countenance diſplayed the joyful ſenſations of his heart; and they liſtened to the ſimple recital of his unadorned tale, with a mixture of pity, ſympathy, and delight. Each applauded Ariſtus for the benevolence of his conduct, and each was anxious to evince their *own liberality*. A ſubſcription was immediately ſet on foot; and as no one attempted to contribute *leſs*, and many gave *more*, than Ariſtus, before the old man was in a ſituation to leave the hoſpital, the ſum that was collected had ariſen to a large amount.

The day at length arrived when the cure was pronounced perfect; and Ariſtus flew to the hoſpital, to conduct him to the abode of his valuable friend,

friend, who impatiently longed to behold a man that had found the faithful attentions of an attached animal ſufficiently gratifying to compenſate for the ſcorn and neglect of an unkind world.

Sprightly and his maſter arrived together; and whilſt the latter poured forth his acknowledgments to his generous benefactors in a language that flowed from the fullneſs of the heart, the former endeavoured to return the civilities that were beſtowed upon him, by bounding and fawning upon his careſſers. When the moment of ſeparation arrived, it was with the utmoſt difficulty that Ariſtus could prevent the old man from falling at his feet, and expreſſing thoſe ſentiments of gratitude that warmed his heart; whilſt he enjoyed a ſenſation of delight, known only to the generous, and experienced only by the benevolent. "Who," ſaid Ariſtus, (turning to his friends,) "will preſume to ſay that happineſs is dependent on the *ſmiles of Fortune*, when they know that a *real felicity* may be obtained for the trifling ſum of a ſix-livre piece, and a little common humanity for a fellow creature?

Obſervations on the preceding Story.

THE gratification which a *feeling mind* receives from conferring an obligation upon a deſerving perſon, is, perhaps, one of the moſt refined and delicate of which we can form a conception. The manner of beſtowing a favour either augments or diminiſhes its value; and what was meant as a boon of kindneſs, by an oſtentatious method of preſenting it, may be received as the gift of *arrogance*.

It is a miſtaken opinion to ſuppoſe that the *rich only* are bleſt with the power of beſtowing benefits; for wretched muſt have been the lot of that man, who never was enabled even to ſhew his neighbour ſome portion of civility, or prove in trifles a benevolence of heart.

The elegant author of the Spectator has drawn a beautiful picture of a benevolent character, who, with the trifling income of two hundred a year,

year, contrived to be moſt eſſentially ſerviceable to his fellow creatures. This man (who is introduced under the name of Eugenius) devoted a tenth of his fortune to the purpoſes of benevolence; and, in addition to this *regularly expended ſum*, he frequently added as occaſion might demand. For example, if he had promiſed himſelf the pleaſure of ſeeing a favourite play performed, and encountered in his way thither any object whoſe appearance called forth compaſſion, or whoſe diſtreſs demanded ſuccour, he inſtantly relinquiſhed the idea of ſelfiſh gratification, and beſtowed the ſum he had intended to devote to his own enjoyment, to the god-like purpoſe of relieving the unfortunate; and cheerfully returned to his own fire-ſide to taſte the ſatisfaction of an approving conſcience.

From the example which has been given of the humanity of Ariſtus's conduct, we may naturally imagine the ſame warmth of benevolent ſenſations expanded his boſom, which glowed in that of the amiable Eugenius. Had he merely purchaſed the poor man's dog, without attempting to diſcover the motive that induced him

to part with it, he would have relieved the preſſing call of hunger, but he would at the ſame time have augmented the ſorrows of his heart. Charity conſiſts more in acts of kindneſs and compaſſion, than in an indiſcriminate diſpoſal either of pounds or ſhillings.

TALE THE EIGHTH.

ARTIFICE DETECTED.

THERE is a generous principle in human nature, which imperceptibly diſpoſes us to deſpiſe the oppreſſor, and become intereſted for the oppreſſed. We feel an honeſt indignation at ſeeing weakneſs borne down by might, honeſty over-reached by cunning, and unſuſpecting goodneſs played upon by ſelfiſhneſs and knavery.

M. de Glancy was a man whom nature had endowed with a moſt excellent heart, but to

whom ſhe had denied a conciliatory diſpoſition. His worth was conſpicuous to thoſe with whom he was in the habit of cloſe intimacy; but there was an irritability in his manner, and an obſtinacy in his opinion, that threw a cloud over his brighteſt virtues. In early life he had contracted a habit of ſecluſion; and, as his years increaſed, it became ſo ſtrong, that he ſeemed to feel almoſt an averſion to ſociety, and received few viſitors, except his nephews, and the vicar of Verval, who was his particular friend.

The young men were both orphans, though in very different circumſtances and ſituations. De l'Orman's father had left him with no other ſupport than *honour* and *virtue*; whilſt d'Orambré's had bequeathed him an *abundance* of *wealth*. As they had both been under the care of de Glancy from their boyiſh days, they looked up to him as their common parent; but whilſt de l'Orman's heart glowed with gratitude and eſteem, his couſin's was fraught with duplicity and artifice.

Although d'Orambré's fortune was ſufficient to gratify both his pride and pleaſure, yet he looked forward with eagerneſs to the moment of his

his uncle's diſſolution, when he expected to receive ſuch an addition to it, as would enable him to eclipſe all his acquaintance. With this idea conſtantly in his mind, and this hope ever in expectation, he took care to regulate his conduct towards his relation in a manner moſt likely to inſure ſucceſs; and ſo completely diſguiſed the real ſentiments of his heart, that de Glancy was wholly unable to diſcover them; for to the moſt obſequious ſervility was united the moſt affectionate care; and to profound reſpect, the moſt anxious ſolicitude.

Though de Glancy was deceived by this hypocritical mode of conduct, his friend's eyes were more penetrating; and, under the appearance of affection, he diſcovered *ſelf intereſt*; and under the maſk of attention, a deſire to *ſupplant:* and as l'Orman had made choice of a profeſſion which demanded his abſence from the hoſpitable roof of his affectionate relation, he had too many opportunities of fulfilling this deſign.

Nothing could be more completely oppoſite than the diſpoſition of the two couſins: the one

artful, ſelfiſh, and inſinuating; the other open, generous, and diſintereſted. He loved his uncle as a relation, and eſteemed him as a benefactor; but, ſuperior to all *plans* of *policy*, he diſdained the thought of fulſome adulation; and the very fear of being ſuppoſed capable of acting from an *intereſted* motive, prevented him from paying thoſe minute attentions which d'Orambré performed with ſo much exactneſs.

The ſtriking difference in the two young mens' conduct made a ſtrong impreſſion on de Glancy's mind, who frequently complained to his friend the vicar, of the little attention which was paid him by his *needy nephew*; whilſt the one, who did not require his *aſſiſtance*, was uniformly aſſiduous in his endeavours to *pleaſe*. The worthy vicar, who felt the higheſt eſteem for the character of the one, and the greateſt contempt for that of the other, endeavoured to convince his friend, that de l'Orman's neglect in *petty civilities* proceeded from an apprehenſion of being thought *intereſted*; and as he was neither deficient in marks of duty or affection, ought rather to be eſteemed for ſuch manly conduct. This mode of reaſoning would for a time diſpel the cloud

cloud of prejudice which had veiled his ſight; but the inſidious arts of the expecting heir ſoon obſcured his rival's merits; and de l'Orman had the misfortune daily to decline in the good opinion of a man whoſe *favour* he *prized* far before his *fortune*.

Though de l'Orman would willingly have ſacrificed his deareſt intereſts to have teſtified his eſteem and veneration for his uncle, yet, as the happineſs of his future exiſtence depended upon a union which he feared would never receive the ſanction of his approbation, he thought his crime would appear leſs atrocious to marry *without advice*, than to *aſk it*, and then act in *oppoſition to it*; and as the lady had merit, birth, and beauty, to recommend her, he flattered himſelf a little time would reconcile his patron to her want of fortune.

Few circumſtances could have been ſo completely gratifying to d'Orambré's feelings as the imprudent ſtep which his couſin had adopted, and, big with a ſecret ſo likely to inſure his fortune, he haſtened to impart it with malicious joy.

All that he could hope for, and more than he dare expect, immediately reſulted from this unfortunate marriage. The enraged de Glancy not only forbad the name of l'Orman from being mentioned in his preſence, but bequeathed the *whole* of his fortune and eſtates to the undermining hypocrite who had ſo baſely obtained them.

It was in vain that the benevolent vicar endeavoured to palliate his young friend's offence, or tried to ſoften the obduracy of his uncle. Three years elapſed without the ſlighteſt mitigation of reſentment, and he began to conſider the caſe as hopeleſs. At this period of time buſineſs required his attention in that part of France where the unfortunate de l'Orman had taken up his reſidence; and the proſpect of ſeeing a man whom he ſo tenderly eſteemed, induced him to lengthen his journey for the ſake of enjoying that pleaſure.

De l'Orman had purchaſed a ſmall ſpot of ground in the vicinity of a ſporting country, and from the cultivation of his land, the produce of his commiſſion, and the execution of his gun, he

he enjoyed the neceſſaries, though not the luxuries, of life; and in the endearing tenderneſs of the object of his affection loſt the recollection of every ſorrow, except that of having offended a man whom he both valued and eſteemed.

The worthy vicar was ſo completely ſtruck with the domeſtic harmony that reigned between them, that, in a letter which he addreſſed to a friend of de Glancy's, he drew an intereſting picture of their life and manners, omitting nothing but their names. This letter, as he imagined, was read in the preſence of de Glancy, who immediately recognized the *perſon* of his *nephew* in the *amiable hero* of the *vicar's tale*.

Diſſatisfied with his own conduct, and provoked with his friend for having brought to his remembrance one whom he had taken ſo much pains to forget, he retired to his apartment ſullen and out of humour; and when the vicar returned, inſtead of receiving him with a ſmile of gladneſs, he coldly welcomed him with form and ceremony, and accuſed him of expoſing his reſentment againſt his nephew to the obſervation of a perſon intereſted in their concerns.

A very

A very few arguments convinced him he had been unjuſt; and his heart, ſoftened by the impreſſion of ſelf reproach, eaſily yielded to the perſuaſion of his friend; and whilſt he liſtened with pleaſure to the account of his nephew's happineſs, the tear of renewed affection gliſtened in his eye, when he heard with what tenderneſs and veneration he was mentioned by a man whom his ſeverity had driven into exile.

The friendly vicar immediately imparted the pleaſing intelligence to the elated l'Orman, who, eager to prove the ſincerity of his regard, flew to his benefactor on the wings of affection. The meeting on the part of de Glancy was cordial and affecting; on that of l'Orman, tender and reſpectful; and when he preſented the object of his affection, and her lovely offspring, his countenance glowed with animation and delight. The old man gazed upon them with viſible emotion, as if reproaching his own heart for the injuſtice of his conduct; then preſſing them alternately in his arms, he embraced them with the warmth of parental fondneſs. Though de Glancy appeared to enjoy infinite ſatisfaction in the ſociety of his nephew, yet it was evident to his *friend*, ſome

ſome ſecret uneaſineſs preſſed upon his heart, for his health viſibly declined, and the ſmile of cheerfulneſs forſook his countenance. For many months he confided the ſecret within his own boſom, but at length reſolved to impart it to his friend, and regulate his conduct by his advice.

"You doubtleſs thought (ſaid he) my worthy vicar, that, by baniſhing from my preſence (for three years) the unfortunate young man who had incurred my reſentment, I had ſufficiently puniſhed a crime for which there were ſo many juſt excuſes: but, alas! you knew not the extent of my injuſtice; knew not the plan by which I had inſured his ruin. Urged by anger, and ſtimulated by revenge, I ſuffered my paſſions to ſubdue my reaſon, and in an evil hour gave, by a *deed*, my *fortune* to his *couſin!* This fatal deed I gladly would reclaim; but I am told the young man has deſtroyed it, to ſave my memory from reproach, and prove to l'Orman, the diſintereſted regard he felt towards him. D'Orambré's *word* I have no right to *doubt*; yet ſtill my mind is anxious and unhappy; and unleſs I can adopt ſome plan to inſure to l'Orman the *half of my eſtate*, I greatly fear I ſhall not die in peace."

Though

Though the vicar carefully avoided diſcloſing his real ſentiments of d'Orambré's character, yet he convinced his friend that, by making a *ſecond deed*, he could intirely overturn the validity of the firſt, and perſuaded him to place it in his poſſeſſion; at the ſame time aſſuring him it ſhould never be produced unleſs d'Orambré was depraved enough to make uſe of the one which deprived his couſin of his juſt inheritance.

De Glancy's mind, relieved by this advice, ſoon regained its accuſtomed compoſure; but his health viſibly declined; and nature, exhauſted by the power of diſeaſe, in a very few months ſunk beneath the conflict.

L'Orman, who had always felt for this eccentric, though worthy man, the affection of a ſon, and the eſteem of a friend, conſidered his loſs as a moſt afflicting circumſtance; and would willingly have reſigned all pretenſions to the eſtate, to have been able to lengthen out his valued exiſtence. The vicar was in the houſe at the time the melancholy event occurred, and could not help drawing a compariſon between the two young men, highly to the prejudice of d'Orambré's

d'Orambré's humanity. Inſtead of teſtifying the ſlighteſt concern for the death of one to whom he was ſo much obliged, his time was occupied in arranging the domeſtic concerns of the family, and aſſuming, in his manner, an air of importance, as if himſelf alone was lord of the domain. De l'Orman's friend obſerved this ſupercilious arrogance with a mixture of ſuſpicion and abhorrence; and was neither aſtoniſhed or confounded at hearing him *declare himſelf the ſole heir of de Glancy's fortune.* As this declaration was made at a time when the amiable de l'Orman was not preſent, the vicar wiſhed to ſpare him the knowledge of his relation's depravity; but, regarding d'Orambré with a look of penetration, demanded how he dare villify the memory of his uncle by accuſing him of an *injuſtice* of which his heart was incapable? Unintimidated by the ſternneſs of the vicar's air, and unreſtrained by the power of conſcience, the depraved young man unbluſhingly perſevered in his former declaration; and it was with ſome difficulty the ingenuous minded prelate reſtrained his paſſion within the bounds of prudence, and confined the ſubject of the converſation within his own breaſt.

The

The inſidious d'Orambré, ſecure, in his own opinion, of this ill-got wealth, publicly informed his couſin of the acquiſition he had obtained, and, by way of ſoftening the ſeverity of the ſentence he had uttered, promiſed to conſider his children with the ſame attention as if they were his own. The worthy vicar, who had heard the declaration, which had abſolutely deprived l'Orman of the power of utterance, was no longer able to conceal his indignation, but, in the ſtrongeſt terms of *deteſtation and abhorrence*, accuſed d'Orambré of *premeditated villainy*.

Unſupported accuſations would have had little effect upon a mind ſo completely depraved as his; but the unexpected ſight of a deed, executed within a ſhort period of de Glancy's death, convinced him that his artifice had been completely diſcovered; and, ſhocked at the ill ſucceſs of his long-premeditated ſcheme, he haſtened from a ſpot where he knew his preſence muſt be obnoxious; and, whilſt the grateful de l'Orman was pouring forth the effuſions of an attached heart to the man to whom he was indebted for all his fortune, he retired in diſguſt to his own

ſplendid

ſplendid manſion, and there, in ſpite of all the pageantry that ſurrounded it, ſeverely felt the ſtings of a reproaching conſcience.

Obſervations on the preceding Story.

IT is no uncommon circumſtance both for envy and artifice to be completely foiled with their own weapons; and the recent inſtance, which has juſt been recorded, is a ſtriking proof of the validity of the obſervation. The penetrating judgment of de Glancy's friend eaſily diſcovered that duplicity which had caſt a veil over his *own ſight*; and the moment he was convinced of d'Orambré's artifice, he generouſly reſolved to become his couſin's champion, whoſe ſuperior merits juſtly intitled him to ſuch a diſintereſted proof of friendſhip.

It is the allowed buſineſs of reaſon and philoſophy to ſooth and allay the tumult of the paſſions;

ſions; and it ought to be the buſineſs of education to endeavour to eradicate thoſe ſeeds of vice which nature has implanted in the human heart, and prevent them from contaminating the ſoil, or deſtroying with tares the tender buds of virtue. D'Orambré's education had not probably been neglected; and born, as he was, in the ſunſhine of proſperity, he had been led to imagine that *fortune alone* conſtituted felicity; and was not convinced of the error he had imbibed, until the contempt of the world, and the ſtings of his own conſcience, completely proved that *virtue* and *honour* only claim eſteem.

TALE THE NINTH.

THE HONEST BRETON.

IT has frequently been obſerved, that riches, though the object of univerſal deſire, are apt to create greater wants than they remove; and that the ſmiles of fortune frequently ingender the ſeeds of diſcontent. This unthankfulneſs in man, for the mercies of his Maker, is one of the moſt ſtriking proofs that can be given of the degeneracy of human nature; for there is ſomething ſo degrading in poverty, and ſo depreſſing in miſfortune, that one would be apt to imagine the heart which was exempted from them, muſt glow with gratitude, and expand with joy.

Riches,

Riches, when placed in the hands of virtue and benevolence, are an eternal ſource of pleaſure and delight; and when they contribute to the relief of the afflicted, they impart a felicity to the boſom of their poſſeſſor, which ſordid ſelfiſhneſs can never know, or inhumanity expect to feel.

Few men have experienced the gratification ariſing from benevolence in a more eminent degree than a wealthy merchant of the name of Plemer, who, having taken up his reſidence at an hotel in an unfrequented part of Paris, found his feelings particularly intereſted by the melancholy appearance of a middle-aged woman, whom he accidentally encountered upon the ſtaircaſe. Plemer's heart was a powerful advocate in caſes of diſtreſs; and, without allowing him time for an appeal to judgment, impelled him to purſue its generous dictates.

"What has diſtreſſed you?" ſaid the worthy man, regarding the ſtranger with an eye of pity. "Speak. Can I be of any ſervice to you?" The woman did not give a direct anſwer to the humane enquiry; and Plemer's deſire of being

uſeful ſeemed rather to increaſe by his inability to diſcover the cauſe of her affliction. "Come "into my room, (ſaid he,) and let me know the "ſources of your ſorrow."

The ſtranger replied, that though ſhe had ſuffered her ſhare of misfortunes, yet at that moment ſhe was free from them; and it was the ſorrows of *another* that had called forth *her ſympathy*.

"You will abſolutely put me in a paſſion," ſaid the humane, but haſty, Plemer. "I have "ſeen you unhappy, and am only anxious to "know the cauſe, from the ſatisfaction which I "derive from alleviating diſtreſs; and yet you "provokingly keep me in ignorance of it. Sit "down, I conjure you. Tell me who you are, "whence you come, and what is the occaſion "of that diſtreſs which is ſo ſtrongly depictured "in all your features."

The woman inſtantly obeyed the mandate; and informed the benevolent hearted merchant, ſhe was nurſe to a young man, whoſe gentleneſs and ſweetneſs would call forth the compaſſion of the

the moſt adamantine heart. " He is dying by " inches, Sir," ſaid ſhe, (at the ſame time taking up her apron, and wiping the corner of her eyes;) " and, without one *friend* to pity his " ſufferings, or relieve his woes! His money, alas! is all expended; and it was the " ſhock I felt at being obliged to ſell his watch " for the purpoſe of diſcharging the weekly payment, that called forth the tears which intereſted your humanity. Oh, Sir! could you " but ſee with what gentleneſs he bears his ſufferings, and what concern he ſeems to feel if " he gives me the ſlighteſt trouble, your heart " would own he merited compaſſion?"

" *See him!*" exclaimed the generous man, whilſt the tear of ſympathy trembled in his eye: " I would not paſs the night without beholding " him for all the wealth Peru could bring me. " You are an excellent, humane, good creature; " but you muſt take this purſe, and uſe it for the " ſick man's comfort. Let him ſuppoſe the " watch is pawned, or ſold; but tell him that a " fellow lodger begs to ſee him."

It

It was with much difficulty that Dupré (which was the nurſe's name) could prevail with her patient to permit the ſtranger's viſit; but ſhe requeſted it in ſuch urgent language, and deſcribed the intereſt Plemer appeared to take in his ſufferings with ſuch a native force of ſimple eloquence, that the unfortunate Montalde could no longer refuſe, and at length he gave a reluctant conſent.

To the utmoſt benevolence of heart was united an open bluntneſs of manner, that always avoided circumlocution: and, inſtead of Plemer's introducing himſelf with an apology for intruſion, he cordially took the ſick man by the hand, and demanded *why* he had refuſed to ſee his *friends?*

The very term brought tears into the languid eyes of the apparently dying man; and, ſighing out the name of *friends*, "Alas! (ſaid he) I "have out-lived *them all!*" "*Not ſo*, (ſaid Plemer.) I like your character, pity your ſitua- "tion, and mean to prove the truth of the aſ- "ſertion. But do not talk. Sick folks muſt be "controlled. Good night: ſleep well. I'll

" ſee you in the morning. So now go dream
" that you have *found a friend.*"

The ſingularity of Plemer's addreſs, the ſincerity of his manner, and, above all, the ſympathetic tone which modulated his voice, as he expreſſed, in laconic accents, the benevolence of his intentions, gave a ſenſation of delight to Montalde's heart, to which, alas! it had long been a ſtranger; and, with a ſerenity of mind he had never again expected to experience, he fell into a ſlumber, and enjoyed repoſe.

His new-found friend was early in his enquiries, and was mortified at hearing from the humane Dupré, that Montalde had expreſſed ſome uneaſineſs at finding his debts had been all paid, as he was convinced, in his own mind, the watch had not been ſold, and appeared to feel uncomfortable at the idea of receiving ſuch *important obligations* from a ſtranger. Seating himſelf, therefore, by Montalde's bedſide, and taking him by the hand with a look of tenderneſs, he indifferently inquired whether, if Providence had bleſſed him with an *abundance of wealth*, he ſhould have thought it intended *ſolely to purchaſe*

his own gratifications; or whether part of it ſhould not have been devoted to the *purpoſes of benevolence?*

"Moſt aſſuredly it ſhould," replied Montalde, whilſt a hectic glow of pleaſure lighted up his manly countenance at the very idea of being ſerviceable to a fellow creature, and a warmth of delivery proved the ſincerity of the aſſertion. "Well then," continued Plemer, "and ſo do "I: and as I have not laboured thirty years "to acquire wealth, to be contradicted in my "manner of diſpoſing of it, don't teize that "poor woman any longer with your childiſh "delicacy, but act as a ſick man ought, and "take what is given you, without inquiring "into the means by which it is procured. I "am going to ſend you a phyſician; for I have "an intereſt in your recovery; and when you "are well, I then may be *your debtor*."

It is eaſy to imagine what a grateful heart muſt naturally have experienced upon ſuch an uncommon proof of friendſhip and generoſity, and with what eſteem and admiration Montalde muſt have regarded the man who had thus

unexpectedly reſcued him from poverty and diſeaſe.

As ſoon as Plemer had the happineſs of beholding his friend in a great meaſure reſtored to the poſſeſſion of health, he anxiouſly inquired how a young man, to whom nature appeared to have been laviſh of her bounties, could have been reduced to ſuch a ſtate of abſolute indigence, when ſo many perſons, in all probability, would have been happy to reward him for the exertion of thoſe talents he ſo eminently poſſeſſed.

" My life," replied Montalde, " though full " of diſappointment and diſtreſs to myſelf, has " nothing either marvellous or ſingular to re- " commend it; but you, my friend, to whom I " owe its *prolongation*, have a right to be con- " vinced that the miſery from which your bene- " volence has raiſed me, was neither the chaſ- " tiſement of folly, or the effect of vice. I " was born at the foot of Mont-d'or, a ſpot " peculiarly adorned by nature's hand. My " parents, though not affluent, were in eaſy " circumſtances; and my education was better " than the generality of people in my ſituation.

" As

" As I had early indicated a taſte for poetry,
" I was ſuffered to indulge this native propen-
" ſity; and as my performances were crowned
" with the plaudits of my friends, I imagined
" myſelf born to wear Apollo's wreath; and
" felt ſo completely aſſured of obtaining emi-
" nence as a poet, that I perſuaded my father to
" divide his fortune between my mother and
" ſiſters, vainly fancying that my own abilities
" were ſufficiently ſhining to obtain one for my-
" ſelf. At the death of this venerable parent,
" I inſtantly removed to Paris; and had the
" good fortune to be favourably received by the
" ſage d'Alembert, who, though he had too
" much candour to feed my vanity as a poet, con-
" deſcended to flatter my abilities as a ſcholar;
" and adviſed me, inſtead of attempting to de-
" rive ſubſiſtence from the mountain of Parnaſſus,
" only to expect it from the hill of ſcience; and
" not ſatisfied with merely pointing out the
" means of a ſupport, he generouſly aſſiſted me
" in the method of inſuring it; and, through
" his recommendation, I obtained the appoint-
" ment of private tutor to the Count Ventan-
" mont's children. In this ſituation I for ſome
" months endured all the degrading inſults that

" high birth could inflict upon dependent hu-
" mility, and at length was discharged for not
" instructing my pupils in the art of duplicity,
" and for omitting to offer incense at the shrine
" of their mother's vanity. As the Count did
" not choose to say he parted with me in compli-
" ment to the caprices of his wife, he recom-
" mended me as private secretary to the Mar-
" quis of Fervac, who had lately been appoint-
" ed ambassador to a foreign court; and in that
" situation I probably might have remained, had
" not the Marquis, who was a very weak man,
" thought proper to introduce me into a society
" of his friends, who, in return for the honour
" they did me, thought themselves entitled to
" bias my opinions; and when I attempted to
" assert the privilege of an independent mind, I
" so far offended one of the party, that, in com-
" pliment to him, the Marquis discharged me.
" Again reduced to distress and poverty, I once
" more applied to my friend d'Alembert, who,
" after much solicitude, and great difficulty,
" placed me as under secretary to Monsieur de
" Ferbois, an advocate of most extensive prac-
" tice. My ardent zeal, and unremitting atten-
" tion, had the good fortune to obtain my mas-

" ter's

" ter's approbation; and, happy in the proſpect
" of being at length eſtabliſhed, I looked for-
" ward with pleaſure to the permanency of my
" ſituation. But, alas! at the very moment I
" fancied myſelf *ſecure*, I was then tottering on
" a broken precipice. Monſieur de Ferbois was
" ſuddenly indiſpoſed; and part of the buſineſs,
" which he had been in the habit of tranſacting,
" of neceſſity came into my hands; and, un-
" aware of the bribery he received, I inno-
" cently expreſſed my abhorrence of ſuch cor-
" ruptive practices. This was enough to mar
" my future fortune, and on the following day
" he ſent me my diſcharge. My mind, which
" had hitherto enabled me to ſuſtain misfortune,
" at this laſt ſtroke ſunk beneath its preſſure;
" and, aſhamed of becoming a tax upon my
" friend, I reſolved to conceal my diſtreſſes from
" him. In every ſituation which I had obtained
" through his kindneſs, I had ſcrupulouſly en-
" deavoured to fulfil my duty; my every action
" had been guided by *principle*, and every thought
" inſtigated by *honour*; yet the reward they met
" with was baniſhment and diſgrace. The diſ-
" appointment of my hopes, and the dejection
" of my ſpirits, preyed upon a conſtitution

" which was naturally weak; and had it not
" been for your humanity, my life and ſorrows
" had e'er this been ended."

" Heaven, my good friend," replied the generous Breton, " frequently permits the current
" of human felicity to ſpend itſelf to the loweſt
" ebb, that its own hand may be acknowledged
" in the means that cauſed the flood to riſe again.
" Had not your *forlorn* ſituation intereſted the
" compaſſion of the humane Dupré, I had never
" enjoyed the happineſs of affording you an aſy-
" lum; nor might you have had the gratification
" of taſting the real joy which ſprings from
" *mutual friendſhip*. I have long wiſhed to
" meet with a young man to whom I could
" intruſt the conduct of my affairs, and in whoſe
" attachment and fidelity I could place implicit
" confidence. The epitome of your life is a
" tranſcript of your honour, and a ſtrong aſſu-
" rance of my own good fortune. You ſhall
" accompany me back to Nantz: and the wor-
" thy Dupré (whoſe humanity deſerves reward)
" ſhall follow us as ſoon as ſhe has arranged her
" affairs, and we will mutually endeavour to
" promote each others peace."

It

It was with the utmoſt difficulty Plemer could prevent the grateful Montalde from falling at his feet. "What!" ſaid the generous man, "is "an act of kindneſs ſo very aſtoniſhing, that "you think it neceſſary to evince ſuch tranſ-"ports? Compoſe your feelings, my good fel-"low; and reſt aſſured that I ſhall derive as "much advantage from your aſſiduity, as you will "from my friendſhip. Therefore, henceforth "the obligations will be mutual. So do not "oppreſs me with your expreſſions of gratitude."

This liberal method of endeavouring to leſſen the favours he conferred, only made Montalde the more ſenſible of them; and though he avoided deſcribing his ſenſations, yet his heart glowed with the moſt lively gratitude; and he reſolved to devote the reſidue of his life to the intereſt and advantage of his generous benefactor.

If Montalde's eſteem had been excited by the open ſincerity of the Breton's manners, how was his admiration called forth by the native elegance, and affable ſweetneſs, which was diſplayed in thoſe of his wife and daughter, by whom he was received with the cordiality of friendſhip, rather than the ceremonials of politeneſs.

Montalde's aſſiduity, in the execution of his avocations, was ſuch as might naturally have been expected from a grateful mind; and Plemer's liberality and kindneſs was continually diſplayed in the promotion of his intereſt, and in the ſtudy of his happineſs. Reſcued from poverty, and relieved from want, it was natural to ſuppoſe Montalde's felicity was then eſtabliſhed on a ſecure baſis. But, alas! a new ſource of ſorrow unexpectedly occurred; and his heart whiſpered, that if he would preſerve his honour, he muſt forſake his friend. Gabrielle, the lovely daughter of the benevolent Plemer, was endowed with too many attractive charms for a young man of Montalde's diſpoſition to be able to behold with coldneſs or indifference; yet he ſhrunk with abhorrence at the very idea of attempting to engage the affections of his benefactor's child; and he reſolved rather to be thought *ungrateful*, than remain in a ſituation ſo ſurrounded with danger. Whilſt his mind was agitated between love and duty, and his heart hourly acknowledging the captivating power of Gabrielle's beauty, a circumſtance unexpectedly occurred, which gave him reaſon to ſuppoſe ſhe beheld him with partiality.

As

As Plemer's eſteem and tenderneſs for his wife rather increaſed than diminiſhed with his years, he took every opportunity in his power to teſtify the ſincerity of his regard; and it was his annual cuſtom to celebrate her birth-day with both public and private demonſtrations of joy. Though Montalde had long neglected to court the Muſes, yet, on an occaſion ſo intereſting to his friend, he reſolved once more to ſolicit their aſſiſtance; and, in the lines which celebrated the praiſes of the wife, his breaſt ſeemed inſpired by the image of the daughter. The elegant performance was univerſally applauded; and Gabrielle was foremoſt of the number to reſound Montalde's praiſe. The company who were invited to become ſpectators of Plemer's happineſs, were all aſſembled on board one of his ſhips, which was brilliantly illuminated in honour of the day; and, after an evening ſpent in the utmoſt harmony and feſtivity, had juſt quitted the veſſel, and were ſeated in boats, when a ſhriek of diſtreſs arreſted their attention. The beams of the moon ſilently played upon the ſurface of the water, and her illumined rays ſhot with ſuch clear and brilliant luſtre, that remote objects were perfectly diſtinguiſhable. What then muſt have been the horror of the gueſts, at

beholding Montalde, from the ſtern of the ſhip, madly precipitate himſelf into the ſea, and inſtantly ſink beneath the waves! Montalde unfortunately was no ſwimmer; and had he not providentially caught at a rope as he ſprang overboard, his life would have been ſacrificed to the ardency of his friendſhip. His eyes alone had beheld the melancholy occaſion of the ſudden ſhriek. He had ſeen the man to whom he was indebted for his exiſtence in imminent danger of loſing his own, and, by accidentally falling from the plank that ſuſtained him, ready to overwhelm his family in eternal miſery! The hope of being able to preſerve a life of ſo much value, inſtantly impelled him to ruſh into the ſtream; and, diving beneath the ſpot where Plemer had fallen, he had the ſupreme felicity of preſerving his exiſtence!

With what a mixture of joy and tenderneſs did the agitated mother and daughter pour forth their acknowledgments to the amiable Montalde, and how was his heart affected at the praiſes of her whoſe approbation alone he would have died to obtain. Then it was that the artleſs Gabrielle ingenuouſly diſcloſed the ſituation of her

her heart; and that Montalde felt convinced, that, if he would preſerve his honour, he muſt fly from an object too lovely and attractive. "Can I (ſaid he) be vile enough to ſtay, and "rob my patron of his child's affection? Am I "a match fit for the heireſs of ſuch ample for-"tune? Can I return his kindneſs by ſo baſe a "theft, and prove myſelf a moſt ungrateful vil-"lain? No: let me rather ſuffer all the ills "that human miſery can e'er endure, than ſtain "my credit with ſo foul a crime. I'll fly this "ſpot, ſo *fatal* to my *peace*, nor ever let my "friend ſuſpect the cauſe."

The reſolution was more eaſily formed than executed; for the very thought of appearing *ungrateful* to ſuch a friend as Plemer, carried with it ſomething ſo repugnant to his feelings, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty he could inform him of his intention. "You will be aſtoniſh-"ed, Sir," ſaid he, with an air of embarraſſment, "at hearing I am going to quit a ſitu-"ation wherein I have enjoyed both *happineſs* "and *proſperity*; but, ſtrange as my conduct "muſt appear, my veneration and gratitude will "ceaſe but with my exiſtence; but that exiſt-

"ence

" ence I am deſtined to ſuſtain in ſome ſpot re-
" mote from the reſidence of my benefactor;
" and the laſt favour I ſolicit from his goodneſs
" is, that he will not require me to explain
" my motives."

" *Not require* an explanation of ſo extraor-
" dinary a proceeding," replied the aſtoniſhed man. " Yes, Montalde, and I expect *to hear* " *it.* I have had too many proofs of the recti-
" tude of your principles, and the generoſity of
" your nature, to ſuppoſe that caprice could in-
" fluence the *one*, or intereſt bind the *other*;
" therefore I am perſuaded you need not bluſh at
" diſcloſing a motive that at preſent appears in-
" explicable. Speak out, my friend: ſay, how
" can I retain you? Shall I call in the influence
" of my daughter? Tell me, Montalde, would
" not *her prayers prevail?*"

" Her prayers! Ah! Sir," replied the aſto-
niſhed youth, " and have you then defined my
" motive? Can you forgive an involuntary
" crime?"

" Forgive!"

" Forgive !" ſaid Plemer, " Why, you ful-
" fil my heart's beſt, deareſt wiſh. Long have
" I hoped to ſee my daughter *yours*; and by this
" noble, diſintereſted conduct, you more than
" ever ſtrengthen the deſire. Receive her,
" then, Montalde, from my hands; and with
" her take a father's fondeſt bleſſing."

Montalde's felicity was too great for utterance; and it was in vain that he endeavoured to deſcribe the joy and happineſs that ſwelled his breaſt; but, throwing himſelf at the feet of his benefactor, his attitude deſcribed what his tongue could not reveal.

Obſervations on the preceding Story.

EVILS take their rank more from the temper of the mind that ſuffers them, than from their abſtract nature; for the ſhafts of misfortune fall pointleſs upon the callous and inſenſible diſpoſition, whilſt they pierce with a mortal wound the

the feeling and ſuſceptible heart. The various diſappointments Montalde had endured, and the ill ſucceſs which had attended all his undertakings, had ſo far deſtroyed the energetic powers of his mind, that it abſolutely ſunk into dejection and deſpondency; and had it not been for the humane exertions of the benevolent Breton, his life would have fallen a ſacrifice to his acute ſenſibility. This refinement of feeling, and delicacy of ſenſation, ought rather to be guarded againſt than encouraged; for the natural incidents in human life are ſo much more likely to produce pain than pleaſure, that, in point of prudence, we ſhould arm ourſelves with fortitude. There are perſons in the world endowed with ſo great a ſhare of exquiſite ſenſibility, that their minds ſeem abſolutely compoſed of too fine a texture to be able to encounter the viciſſitudes of life; and if misfortune aſſails them with her iron rod, they are totally incapable of warding off the blow.

A train of diſappointments, and a ſucceſſion of misfortunes, will occaſionally undermine the firmeſt fortitude; but to repine under the evils which befal us, inſtead of reſolutely endeavouring

ing to overcome them, is a tacit proof either of weakneſs or impiety.

Montalde's character is peculiarly amiable; and we ſympathize in his misfortunes with the moſt compaſſionate tenderneſs; yet, that a mind, adorned with ſo many virtues, ſhould ſink into a ſtate of abſolute deſpondency, is a circumſtance which reaſon is incapable of explaining, and philoſophy unable to account for. If our pity is intereſted for the diſtreſſes of Montalde, how is our *admiration* excited by the humanity of his benefactor! for how delightful is that benevolence, which, when conferring the moſt extenſive obligations, anxiouſly endeavours to prevent the receiver from feeling himſelf the obliged party!

TALE THE TENTH.

ERROR OF A GOOD FATHER.

IT was for a long time imagined by the Romans, that no ſon could be the murderer of his father, and therefore they had no puniſhment appropriated to parricide. They ſeem, likewiſe, to have believed, with equal confidence, that no father could be cruel to his child; and, in conſequence of this opinion, they allowed every man ſupreme authority in his

his own family, and even put the lives of his children within his power. But experience, by degrees, convinced them they had judged too favourably of the human ſpecies, and taught them the neceſſity of regulating by *law*, what had once been left to the influence of *nature*. If, in any ſituation of life, the mind of man can be ſuppoſed inacceſſible to malignity, it muſt ſurely appear ſo in the parental character. To ſee helpleſs infancy ſtretching out her hands, and pouring out her cries, in teſtimony of dependence, without any power to alarm jealouſy, or any guilt to alienate affection, muſt ſurely awaken tenderneſs in every feeling breaſt: yet ſo great, alas! is the degeneracy of mankind, and ſo prone to error is the human heart, that we frequently behold the parental character either ſtained by negligence, or diſgraced by ſeverity.

The parent who is anxious to inſure a fortune, and ſecure an independence, for his children, is certainly fulfilling *one* of the *duties* of his ſituation; but if, in promoting their intereſt, he is neglectful of their happineſs; and if, in ſecuring to them *proſperity*, he unfits them for the

the enjoyment of it; kindneſs will be converted into injury, and affluence become their greateſt misfortune.

The Preſident de Vaneville was a man of ſuch ſtrict probity in his profeſſion, and ſuch unimpeached honour in his character, that his judgment was ſufficient to eſtabliſh the validity of any caſe; but ſo extenſive was his practice, and ſo inceſſant his application to the duties of his office, that he found it impoſſible to devote either his time or attention to the improvement of his childrens' minds, or the formation of their morals; and whilſt their father was aſſiduouſly endeavouring to inſure them independence, their mother's want of propriety was unfitting them for the enjoyment of it.

Madam de Vaneville was both a weak and artful character; and whilſt ſhe endeavoured to inſpire her huſband's breaſt with peculiar fondneſs for her own children, ſhe inſiduouſly undermined the tenderneſs he experienced for the ſurviving pledge of his former wife's affection; and, by a plan at once cruel and inhuman, ſucceeded in the deſign even beyond her expectation.

The

The ſincere affection ſhe pretended to feel for this unfortunate child previous to the period of her becoming a mother, ſo far impoſed upon the credulity of his father, that he was incapable of perceiving the progreſſive attacks of artifice and envy; and as his own boſom was a ſtranger to thoſe corroding paſſions, he had no conception they could be harboured by another.

As this unhappy boy (whom I ſhall call Alexis) was intitled to the poſſeſſion of his father's eſtate, ſhe conſidered him as the barrier to *her* childrens' fortunes, and treated him with all the malice a cruel mind was capable of inflicting, and all the degradations a narrow one could invent.

His temper, naturally feeling and ſuſceptible, became apparently callous under the ſeverities he endured; and when he drew a compariſon between the indulgence with which his brothers were treated, and the cruelty which was practiſed on himſelf, he felt an unconquerable antipathy againſt the author of his ſufferings, which would ſometimes evince itſelf in diſreſpectful language, and at others in pathetic complaints. Theſe

murmurs againſt parental authority, were communicated to his father with all the aggravations malice could invent; and that boſom which had once cheriſhed him with affection and fondneſs, now only treated him with coldneſs and contempt. The ſeverity of his mother-in-law he could have ſuſtained with intrepidity; but the coldneſs of a father, on whom he doated with an exceſs of fondneſs, at once pierced and agonized his heart; and the only ſolace he could find for his ſorrows was in the ſoothing tenderneſs of his foſter-mother.

"Why, my dear nurſe," the hapleſs boy would ſay, "why did you try to ſave a life "ſo early deſtined to endure misfortune? Oh! "had you let me ſink into the tomb with her "who gave me being, then, my good nurſe, "ah! then, I had been happy. Could ſhe but "ſee the ſufferings of her child, could ſhe be-"hold the arts that work his ruin, and know "his father's heart was ſteeled againſt him, "how would ſhe hate the author of his woes!"

It was in vain the worthy woman attempted to conſole his grief, or aſſuage his ſorrows; the loſs

loſs of his father's love was too ſevere a blow for his fortitude to endure, or his reſolution ſuſtain, and the violence of his grief could only be equalled by the acuteneſs of his ſenſations. Whether Madam de Vaneville overheard the converſations between the nurſe and her ſon, or whether it was the premeditated plan of an illiberal mind, it is difficult to determine; but, conſcious that he derived a ſecret gratification from the ſociety of the only being to whom he could impart his ſorrows, ſhe maliciouſly reſolved to prevent him from enjoying it, and the poor woman was unexpectedly ordered never more to approach her dwelling.

Severe chaſtiſement, and unprovoked cruelty, Alexis had frequently endured in ſullen ſilence; but this laſt inſtance of *oppreſſive tyranny* rouſed his paſſions, and called forth his reſentment; and he openly accuſed her of having inſidiouſly robbed him of his father's affection; of being unjuſtly *cruel*, and inhumanly ſevere.

This breach of duty, and failure of reſpect, was repreſented to his father in a light the moſt diſadvantageous; and he was perſuaded into a belief that his ſon's temper was naturally ſo overbearing,

bearing, that it could only be ſubdued by ſevere diſcipline and unremitting ſeverity; and it was determined he ſhould be ſent to a ſchool in the vicinity of Lyons, the maſter of which was famous for the auſterity of his manners.

To have quitted a home wherein he had experienced ſuch a conſtant train of ſucceſſive evils, might have been in itſelf a ſubject for rejoicing; but to be *driven from it* by the artful inſinuations of his implacable enemy, to be torn from thoſe arms which ought to have ſheltered him with fondneſs, was a circumſtance ſo completely agonizing to his feelings, that, when the moment of his departure arrived, and he was to take leave of his inhuman father, it was with the utmoſt difficulty he could ſay *farewel:* and de Vaneville, who had been taught to imagine that his ſon was incapable of ſenſibility, beheld his emotion with pleaſure and delight, from a hope that his heart was leſs ſtubbornly unfeeling than he had hitherto been led to imagine.

From this trait of filial fondneſs and native ſenſibility, the Preſident would have been inclined to reſtore him to his favour, had not the obtruſive

obtrusive entrance of Madam de Vaneville, at this interesting moment of returning fondness, been the means of checking the soft impression; and the unfortunate Alexis, from an involuntary mark of disrespect towards his mother, had again the misery of incurring his father's anger.

The immoderate exercises he was compelled to perform, and the severe chastisement he endured, for the most trifling defect in any part of them, so completely destroyed the native energy of his mind, that he sunk into a state of absolute despondency, which was greatly heightened by the total neglect with which his father treated him. Letter after letter was unacknowledged; though they breathed only the most submissive fondness, and requested only an *assurance of pardon*.

Oppressed by a tyrant, and abandoned by a father, the unhappy boy at length resolved to rescue himself from a life of misery; and though he never expected to enjoy happiness, he indulged the hope that he might find content; and quitting the scene of cruelty and oppression, he endured all the hardships of distress and poverty,

and had no means of preſerving his miſerable exiſtence, but by engaging himſelf in the capacity of a ſhepherd's boy. The account of Alexis' ſudden departure was immediately tranſmitted to his miſguided parent, who, too late ſenſible of the error he had committed, bewailed in ſilence the loſs of a once-loved ſon, whom his cruelty had driven into exile.

Although de Vaneville had apparently been guilty both of oppreſſion and inhumanity in his conduct to his child, yet ſo unjuſt were the accounts he received of his behaviour, and ſo deep-laid were the plans to impoſe upon his credulity, that ſomething may be ſaid in his vindication; but the moment he was apprized of the unfortunate boy's flight, his heart reproached him with being in a great degree the occaſion of it, and from that period his mind became a ſtranger to repoſe. Severer misfortunes were ſtill in ſtore for him; and Providence, as if to puniſh him for injuſtice to one child, by a malignant diſeaſe deprived him of the others; and, fully to complete the meaſure of his ſorrow, the wife of his affection ſoon followed them!

This

This ſucceſſion of calamity, and train of woe, preſſed heavily on the heart of the unhappy man; but, when time had in ſome degree mellowed his affliction, and he was ſufficiently recovered to arrange his affairs, a new diſtreſs overwhelmed him with melancholy; for, upon examining his wife's papers, he diſcovered the letters that his ſon had written, which ſhe had artfully concealed from his obſervation. Theſe ſtriking proofs of innate depravity, whilſt they checked the current of affliction which *her loſs* had occaſioned, opened a ſtream which flowed with double force; and, unable to conſtrain the violence of his grief, he reſolved to hide it within the boſom of retirement, and for ever to quit a lucrative employment, which had been the means of rendering him unmindful of more important duties. This reſolution, once formed, was immediately put in practice; and de Vaneville removed from a ſcene of buſtle and diſſipation to one of quiet and ſeclusion; yet the image of his injured child ſtill followed him; and *retirement* rather increaſed than diminiſhed his affliction.

Although the mind of Alexis had been ſubdued by ſeverity, yet, in the peaceful quiet of

ruſtic occupations, it ſoon regained its former dignity; and though neceſſity compelled him to a life of humiliation, he felt the force of native independence. A fondneſs for poetry, and a love of ſtudy, had induced him, when he fled from his inhuman tyrant, to ſecure a ſmall number of ſuch books as were moſt pleaſing to his taſte, and moſt portable for his pocket; and whilſt carefully watching the ſafety of his ſheep, he conſtantly amuſed himſelf with his favourite authors.

The ſingularity of a ſhepherd ſtudying Virgil, called forth the attention of an accidental paſſenger, who, equally aſtoniſhed by the air of ſuperiority which dignified his manner, ſolicited an explanation of ſo extraordinary an appearance. Alexis felt that to explain his circumſtances might be the means of expoſing his father; and he revered and loved him too well to be capable of throwing a ſtigma on his conduct: he therefore politely declined entering upon a ſubject of ſo much delicacy, yet treated the enquirer both with civility and reſpect.

The

The ſtranger, who was a man both of taſte and erudition, was amazingly ſtruck with the ſentiments of Alexis, and, after ſpending an hour in his ſociety, promiſed to return on the following day; and at length became ſo habituated to the practice, that it was a matter of courſe for him to viſit the young ſhepherd. Although this pleaſing intercourſe had for ſome time ſubſiſted, yet de Nelcour ſtill remained ignorant of his friend's misfortunes; and though he felt extremely anxious to obtain a knowledge of them, yet, as he perceived he carefully avoided leading to the ſubject, their converſations were generally confined to thoſe of literature. The winter was now faſt approaching, and de Nelcour could no longer enjoy the pleaſure of ſpending two or three hours in the ſhepherd's ſociety. The idea of many months elapſing before he could again renew the amuſing intercourſe, filled his mind with dejection and melancholy; and he reſolved, if poſſible, to obtain the pleaſure by inviting Alexis to his abode.

Though the ſituation of a ſhepherd might, in the opinion of ſome, have been conſidered as degrading, yet Alexis regarded it in a very different

light; and whilſt he was capable of earning his own ſubſiſtence, felt all the dignity of an independent mind. This innate principle of genuine virtue alone induced him to refuſe the propoſal; but when he found his ſervice could be uſeful, and that his induſtry might earn ſupport, he joyfully acceded to the pleaſing ſcheme.

De Nelcour was a man who, though he had ſpent the younger part of his life in ſcenes of folly and diſſipation, had never voluntarily engaged in vice, or ſuffered his mind to be eſtranged from virtue. His fortune had been ſacrificed to the love of pleaſure; but his principles had remained ſpotleſs, and untainted; and feeling the unſatisfaction of ſuch irrational delights, in the meridian of life he retired to ſolitude; and in the cultivation of a ſmall farm, and the practice of benevolence, he found a gratification which diſſipation could never impart. In the culture of this farm, and in the management of a beautiful garden, Alexis found a conſtant employment; and when the time of relaxation arrived, enjoyed the higheſt ſatisfaction in his friend's ſociety; yet his ſpirits were often dreadfully depreſſed, and his heart weighed down with an

oppreſſive

oppreſſive melancholy, which neither de Nelcour's kindneſs could remove, or the lively attentions of his adopted child enable him to conquer.

This lovely girl, whoſe name was Natalie, had been reſcued from diſtreſs by the humane de Nelcour, who, having a ſincere regard for her deceaſed parents, received and adopted her as his own daughter; and, in the improvement of her infant mind, derived a pleaſing and ſatisfactory enjoyment. Although Natalie was a child in appearance when Alexis firſt became an inhabitant of her patron's dwelling, yet ſhe had attained that age when the addition of a few years make a ſtriking difference in the appearance; and de Nelcour's fears were ſuddenly aroused by perceiving a growing partiality take place between them. Had Alexis ever placed confidence in his friend, or given him the ſlighteſt hint of his real ſituation, the diſcovery would have afforded him ſatisfaction; but that he ſhould for ſo many years ſcrupulouſly have avoided all communication, carried with it ſo great an air of myſtery, that it would have excited ſuſpicion in the moſt liberal mind; and de Nelcour was reſolved

to obtain a knowledge of his circumſtances, or deprive himſelf of the pleaſure of his company.

Alexis heard his friend's reſolution, with a mixture of mortification, regret, and grief; and though he felt ſeverely pained at being ſeparated from thoſe whom he both loved and venerated, yet he could not bear the idea of purchaſing the happineſs of remaining with them, at the hazard of expoſing a beloved father. Theſe generous and diſintereſted ſentiments induced him merely to inform de Nelcour, that his want of confidence had neither proceeded from conſcious demerit, or from bluſhing guilt; but that a variety of unfortunate circumſtances had unjuſtly expoſed him to his father's diſpleaſure: yet, if ever he was ſo happy as to obtain his pardon, he would openly avow his tenderneſs for Natalie, and ſolicit his permiſſion to offer her his heart. Theſe reaſons, though not explicit, were ſufficient to ſatisfy his friend's mind; and though he perceived the neceſſity of a ſeparation, yet he could not bear the idea of its taking place until he had ſecured for him a freſh aſylum.

"Within a ſhort diſtance of my dwelling,

"my

"my dear Alexis, (ſaid de Nelcour,) there lives "a man whoſe perſon I am unacquainted with, "but whoſe principles I have been taught to re- "vere; he is at preſent in want of a perſon of "your deſcription; and in the ſervice of ſo ami- "able a character you will obtain comfort, if "not happineſs. The death of a beloved wife, "and the loſs of all his children, has been a "ſtroke his fortitude could not ſuſtain; and he "has retired from the world to ſecrete that ſor- "row which the unfeeling part of it knew not "how to pity! His name is Vaneville; and "his abilities as a Preſident were only to be "equalled by his virtues as a man."

The various emotions which agitated Alexis' mind, were ſtrongly depictured in his expreſſive face; but as de Nelcour had no idea his relation had excited them, he attributed them to his diſtreſs at being ſeparated from Natalie; and immediately propoſed writing a recommendatory letter, which was to act as an introduction to the preſence of his father.

The alteration which a ſeven years abſence had produced in the perſon of Alexis, rendered

it impoſſible even for a father to recognize him; and whilſt he approached the Preſident with a heart palpitating between love and duty, he beheld him with an eye of coldneſs and indifference; but as the letter deſcribed him peculiarly deſerving, he engaged him in the capacity of a ſuperintending gardener.

If time had wrought a change in the appearance of Alexis, misfortune had produced one equally ſtriking in his father; and it was with the utmoſt difficulty that amiable young man could, under the appearance of reſpect, conceal the anguiſh this alteration occaſioned. He had hitherto imagined his own conduct had been blameleſs, and that the ſeverity of his treatment juſtified his actions; but when he beheld the author of his being ſinking under the preſſure of grief and diſappointment, and unable to ſuſtain the weight of his afflictions, he condemned himſelf for quitting his protection, and ſecretly repined at his want of duty. His ſkill in botany, and aſſiduity in gardening, could not fail of attracting the Preſident's obſervation; and when he converſed with him upon the nature of his buſineſs,

buſineſs, the juſtneſs of his ideas ſeemed to call forth his aſtoniſhment.

Theſe converſations, which ſoon became frequent, were at once agonizing and delightful to Alexis; for whilſt his boſom was expanding with affection, his fears whiſpered it might never be returned. De Vaneville had found, by an indefinable impreſſion, his heart attracted towards the perſon of his ſon; and conſidering himſelf bereaved of every domeſtic joy, he reſolved to endeavour to ſupply his loſs, by adopting Alexis as his future heir; but as he wiſhed to obtain a knowledge of his family, he anxiouſly inquired into their name and ſituation.

The conſtraint which Alexis had long endured at length became inſupportable to his feelings; and theſe queſtions, which were meant as a prelude to *good fortune*, ſeemed to involve him in a *cloud of miſery*.

The venerable man beheld this agitation with a mixture of pity and aſtoniſhment; and, in a voice of tenderneſs and ſympathy, requeſted he would tell him his father's name? The heart of

Alexis, at this agitating queſtion, could no longer contain its important ſecret; but throwing himſelf at the feet of de Vaneville, he embraced his knees in an exceſs of tenderneſs, exclaiming, at the time, "Ah! my revered, my beloved "parent! does not *nature tell the intereſting* "*name?* Have you forgot your own, your long-"loſt ſon? Will you reſtore him to your love "and favour?"

"Oh!" ſaid the venerable aged man; "and "have I found my long-lamented child? Am I, "indeed, ſo wonderfully bleſt? Come to my "arms, thou dear and injured boy; and let my "tears efface the wrongs you've ſuffered! Can "you forgive the injuſtice of your father?"

"Ah! (ſaid Alexis,) name not ſuch a word. "I am the being who implores forgiveneſs, and "deeply feel the ſorrow of repentance; but if a "life of moſt ſubmiſſive love can wipe away "the ſtain of headſtrong paſſion, I then may "hope my pardon is ſecured."

The refined felicity which de Vaneville experienced from the unexpected reſtoration of a la-

mented ſon, was ſufficient to compenſate for years of miſery; but the happineſs of Alexis was incomplete, until Natalie and her benefactor arrived to ſhare it. Then it was that his heart expanded with an exceſs of joy; and, by the combination of duty, love, and friendſhip, he arrived at the ſummit of human bliſs.

Obſervations on the preceding Story.

THE *duty* of a child, and the *affection* of a parent, are in general imagined to be inſtinctive ſentiments; yet the opinion is ſo erroneous and unfounded, that it is abſolutely aſtoniſhing from whence it could ariſe.

That reſpect and obedience ought to be the ſtriking features in the filial character, and love and tenderneſs in the parental one, is a truth which will readily be allowed; but that both are too often deficient in thoſe important duties, obſervation and experience will completely prove;

and

and though one of theſe evils originates in *education*, yet little care is taken to prevent its growth. Too much indulgence, and too great ſeverity, are equally the bane of filial regard; and the child who has not been inſtructed in duty and obedience, and the one who ſmarts under the ſcourge of an oppreſſive tyrant, are alike in danger of becoming rebellious.

De Vaneville, though conſidered as a man of probity, in the character of a father is ſtrikingly unjuſt; and had not his ſon been endowed with a moſt amiable diſpoſition, his ſeverity muſt have totally deſtroyed it; and it is impoſſible to peruſe the deſcription of his ſufferings, without a mixture of compaſſion, admiration, and eſteem.

TALE THE ELEVENTH.

LESSON OF MISFORTUNE.

ADVERSITY may be conſidered as the parent of Virtue: it calls forth all the latent ſeeds of goodneſs, collects within a focus the ſcattered principles of honour, and, combining them into a ſolid maſs, preſents them to the world in an unexpected ſtate of perfection. To endure misfortune with reſignation, and bear it with fortitude, is the ſtriking characteriſtic of a great mind; for whilſt the man who is ſuſtained by honour calmly encounters its ſevereſt frowns, he that's devoid of ſuch a *firm ſupport*, ignobly ſinks beneath its iron hand.

It

It has been frequently and juſtly obſerved, that the misfortunes which ariſe either from the inadvertency or folly of ourſelves, are much more inſupportable than thoſe which befal us by the appointment of heaven; for in the one we find a hand which ſuſtains, ſoothes, and ſupports us; whilſt the other is augmented by the afflicting ſting, and corroding canker, of a reproving conſcience. But as misfortunes may ſometimes ariſe more from a want of *prudence* than of *principle*, we ought carefully to avoid cenſuring a character, until we are convinced it is naturally depraved.

Monſieur Salvery was a man whoſe fortune and fame were both elevated; yet, with abilities calculated to ſhine in his profeſſion, and a heart adorned with every manly virtue, through an inadvertency in his conduct, he was obliged to become an alien to his country, and ſeek ſubſiſtence in a foreign clime.

Young, handſome, poliſhed, and refined, he might have formed an alliance with the firſt families in France; but, in a matter of ſuch moment to his happineſs, he was determined only

to

to be guided by *affection:* and though the object of his choice was a young woman of fortune, yet that circumſtance had not the ſlighteſt influence on his conduct. This union, which raiſed him to the ſummit of happineſs, was, in effect, the occaſion of all his miſery; for, ſolicitous to prove his regard by every method in his power, he even became profuſely extravagant; and tho' the amiable object of his tenderneſs would frequently remonſtrate againſt ſuch unneceſſary expences, in that inſtance alone he diſregarded her advice. Her houſe, her equipage, her jewels and apparel, were rather calculated for the conſort of a prince than the wife of a ſubject; and though his income was ſufficient to have procured her all the elegancies of life, yet it ſoon became injured by ſuch unneceſſary ſuperfluities.

Thus madly intoxicated with preſent joys, and blindly loſt to future ſorrows, the unhappy man was involving himſelf in miſery at the moment he imagined he was ſecuring happineſs; and whilſt he fancied he was inſuring the affection of his wife, forgot that he was intailing upon himſelf eternal ſorrow!

The delightful proſpect of ſoon becoming a father, added to a felicity which had appeared incapable of increaſe; yet, whilſt he anticipated the pleaſures of a parent, the danger that attended it concealed itſelf from his view; and he found himſelf bereaved of every earthly happineſs at the moment that he fancied himſelf ſecure of its enjoyments! The loſs of a beloved wife, on whom he doated to an exceſs of fondneſs, might have been thought the ſummit of human miſery; yet, melancholy as was the event, it proved but a prelude to his future woes. The child for whom he had paid ſo dear a ſacrifice too ſoon followed its ſainted mother; and his father-in-law, availing himſelf of an unjuſt law which exiſted in France, demanded the reimburſement of his daughter's fortune. This ſtroke, at once unfeeling and ſevere, ſeemed to complete the meaſure of his ſorrows, and made a bankrupt of his purſe and peace.

To be obliged to return a fortune (in part expended) at a moment when his mind was incapable of reflecting upon the moſt prudent method by which it could be contrived, was a circumſtance peculiarly perplexing; yet, as it had been urged

urged in a manner that was at once ſhocking and diſgraceful to humanity, he reſolved to comply, though at the expence of ruin. The conduct of his father alarmed the ſuſpicion of the creditors, who naturally concluded his affairs muſt be in a ſtate of deſperation, when a relation could act with ſuch rigidity. The little remnant of his diſſipated fortune was inſufficient to diſcharge their debts, and diſappointment taught them to be cruel.

It was in vain that the unhappy man offered to relinquiſh his remaining property, or promiſed to diſcharge the whole amount out of the produce of a good profeſſion. The inhuman conduct of his father-in-law ſeemed to be a licenſe for their barbarity; and he was reduced to the alternative of flying his country, or ſubmitting to the horrors of a cloſe confinement. If, by reſigning himſelf into the power of his creditors, he could have contrived any method of diſcharging their debts, a priſon at that moment would have been preferable to baniſhment; for the agitation of his mind, and the anguiſh of his heart, almoſt incapacitated him from making an exertion: but at length the proſpect of exonerating himſelf

himſelf from debt, and proving to the world the rectitude of his principles, opened upon his mind, rouſed his fortitude, and he boldly reſolved to ſtruggle againſt misfortune.

To remain in France was impoſſible, as he was well aware that the inveterate hatred of his creditors would fruſtrate his deſign of diſcharging their debts; but in Holland he would be ſecure both from malice and moleſtation, and there he hoped to recover his long-loſt peace.

With a mind depreſſed by ſorrow, but ſupported by principle, the unfortunate Salvery began his journey, and arrived at the ſeat of induſtry and application, without any thing occurring either to raiſe or leſſen his expectation.

Trade and commerce are the directing roads to affluence: but how was a ſtranger, unſupported by credit, and unprotected by friends, to expect to find the way? In a country where all is caution, ſuſpicion, and circumſpection, how could he hope his plan could be ſucceſsful? The impreſſive charm of innate rectitude acted as a letter of recommendation, and a paſſport to confidence:

fidence: for the moment he offered his ſervices to a merchant of reſpectability, his appearance intereſted him in his favour; and he engaged him as clerk, without knowing whether his abilities were equal to the employment.

In this ſituation, ſo humiliating to a man of family, and ſo degrading to a man of fortune, he acquitted himſelf with a zeal that not only called forth the approbation, but the affection, of his maſter; and he ſoon began to conſider him rather in the light of an amiable ſon, than a dependent aſſiſtant; and was as anxious to promote his intereſt and welfare, as he was ſolicitous to inſure his own.

As Salvery, upon his arrival in Holland, only retained his Chriſtian name, the merchant had no chance of diſcovering the circumſtance which had occaſioned his emigration from France, or the cauſe of the dejection which preyed upon his ſpirits; and though he was peculiarly anxious to obtain a knowledge of both, yet he had too much delicacy to pry into either.

Six years of rigid economy, and unceaſing application, had not been ſufficient to diſcharge one quarter of the unfortunate Salvery's debts; but the gratification he derived from the approbation of his own conſcience, enabled him to perform his taſks with reſignation and delight; and though his moments of ſolitude were embittered by the recollection of the loſs he had ſuſtained, yet he ſecretly rejoiced that the object of his tenderneſs had been ſpared the knowledge of his misfortunes. Every remittance that he made to Paris, leſſened the load that preſſed upon his mind; and he looked forward to the period with joyful expectation, when he might return with honour, and be received with applauſe.

A friend of the merchant's, and a countryman of Salvery's, ſpent ſome time in the former's family; and, ſtruck with the manners and appearance of his clerk, was ſolicitous to evince both his friendſhip and eſteem. To a mind naturally fond of information, the ſociety of a man of Salvery's diſpoſition muſt have been attended both with pleaſure and inſtruction; and he was not only ſhewn whatever was worth the obſervation of a ſtranger, but was doubly grati-

tified by the judicious remarks of his intelligent companion.

Senſible of the obligations he had received, and anxious to make ſome return, he intreated Salvery to honour him with his friendſhip, and allow him an opportunity of repaying the civilities in his own country, which he had received from him in Holland.

The hope of tranſmitting to poſterity a name unſullied by diſgrace, had ſuſtained the unhappy young man amidſt the toils of labour, and the rigours of economy; yet the idea that *death* might deſtroy his plan of juſtice, and arreſt his hand before it had been ſtrictly honeſt, would frequently throw a gloom over a mind endeavouring to riſe ſuperior to misfortune: but a method of reſcuing his character from reproach, and convincing the world of the rectitude of his intentions, now joyfully preſented itſelf; and he reſolved to intruſt the ſtranger not only with his name, but his ſituation, and rely upon his friendſhip for the eſtabliſhment of his fame, and the ſecurity of his peace.

Five hundred Louis-dor's, the hard-earned produce of three years induſtry, he reſolved to requeſt his friend to diſtribute amongſt his creditors; and to inform them, that the whole amount of their debts ſhould punctually be diſcharged, if Providence prolonged the meaſure of his exiſtence.

If a poliſh of manners, and elegance of mind, had been the means of creating his countryman's regard, how muſt ſuch an unexampled inſtance of rectitude and principle have called forth his admiration, and ſecured his eſteem! That a young man, born in affluence, and educated in eaſe, ſhould willingly ſubmit to the degradation of ſervitude, and even deprive himſelf of every comfort of life, to be enabled to act with *juſtice* towards thoſe who had treated him with *ſeverity*, was an action ſo completely *noble*, and ſo *diſintereſtedly great*, that he had ſcarcely imagined human nature capable of it.

On his return to Paris, he punctually diſcharged the truſt that had been repoſed in him; and the creditors, anxious to diſcover the abode of their debtor, earneſtly intreated to be made acquainted

quainted with it. But the ſecret was lodged in a faithful boſom; and he had promiſed it ſhould remain ſecure, unleſs death ſhould deſtroy the unfortunate Salvery's plan of juſtice; and then he had undertaken to reſcue his name from the cenſure of reproach, and convince the world of the purity of his intentions. Soon after his arrival, accident introduced him to the company of the father-in-law of his friend; and he was ſhocked at hearing a man, who had acted with ſuch rigid honour, and unexampled probity, openly accuſed of fraud and injuſtice by the very perſon who had in ſome degree been the cauſe of his misfortunes; and conſidering it as a manifeſt infringement upon truth and candour, the generous Watelet (which was the name of his friend) found it impoſſible then to conceal his reſentment or hide his indignation; but explained to the party, who had heard him cenſured, his motive for contracting debts, and the noble method he had adopted to diſcharge them.

Monſieur Nervin (at whoſe houſe Salvery's father-in-law had reprobated his character) heard the account of his praiſe-worthy conduct with a mixture of admiration, pity, and applauſe; whilſt

his daughter, the lovely and beautiful Juſtina, offered a tear of commiſeration as a tribute to his woes.

" How long, my friend," ſaid the generous Nervin, looking on Watelet with an eye of ſympathy, " muſt this noble-minded man ſe-
" clude himſelf from ſociety? and how many
" years are to paſs away in laborious application
" for the benefit of the *undeſerving*, before he
" can return with honour to claim the applauſe
" he merits!"

The intereſt which humanity had induced him to take in the welfare of an amiable young man, was greatly increaſed by his friend's reply; and when he heard that fifteen years of arduous application, and rigid economy, would ſcarcely reſcue him from the power of his creditors, he found it impoſſible to ſuppreſs his emotion; and whilſt the tear of ſenſibility gliſtened in his eye, he declared his reſolution of befriending the unfortunate. " Providence (ſaid he) has bleſt me
" with an abundance of wealth, and nature has
" taught me the means of enjoying it; and with
" a fortune affluent like mine, can I ſuffer

honour

" *honour* to lie buried in *obſcurity?* Write, my " friend, to this noble-minded man; tell him I " love and venerate his virtues; and that, in- " ſtead of owing *numerous debts*, I am reſolved " to be his *only creditor*; and if my daughter " can ſecure his heart, her hand ſhall cancel all " the obligation."

The next day was employed in diſcharging the whole of Salvery's debts; and by the following poſt, Watelet incloſed the receipts, and imparted the intelligence of the happineſs which awaited him.

Joy and aſtoniſhment ſuſpended his faculties; and it was with difficulty he could credit the evidence of his ſenſes; but the ſight of the receipts checked his unbelief, and inſpired his gratitude. The merchant, who felt towards him both tenderneſs and eſteem, heard of his intended departure with ſorrow and regret; and whilſt he lamented the loſs he ſhould ſuſtain, repeatedly reproached him with want of confidence. " I " have no children of my *own*, (ſaid the venera- " ble man;) and I had vainly flattered myſelf " I ſhould have found *one in you*, who would

" have ſmoothed the bed of ſickneſs, and cheer-
" ed the gloom of age: but, go, and be happy:
" yet forget not that you have left a friend who
" loves you with the tenderneſs of a parent, and
" who at his death will conſider you as his ſon."

Animated as Salvery was by his unexpected good fortune, he could not take leave of the generous merchant without a mixture of tenderneſs, eſteem, and regret; and, after expreſſing his feelings in the warmeſt terms of gratitude, cheered the old man with hopes of his return.

The worthy Nervin, and his amiable daughter, impatiently expected the moment which was to introduce them to the acquaintance of a man whoſe principles had called forth both eſteem and admiration, and whom they conſidered as one of the moſt exalted characters in human life. The various emotions of Salvery's mind, when the intereſting interview took place, were ſtrongly depictured in his expreſſive features; and whilſt he poured forth his acknowledgments to the father of Juſtina, he found it impoſſible to withdraw his eyes from the daughter's face. A

ſtrong

ſtrong reſemblance between her and his loſt Adrienne, at once pained and charmed his feelings; and when time and opportunity had allowed him to become acquainted with the beauties of her mind, the likeneſs became more intereſtingly ſtriking.

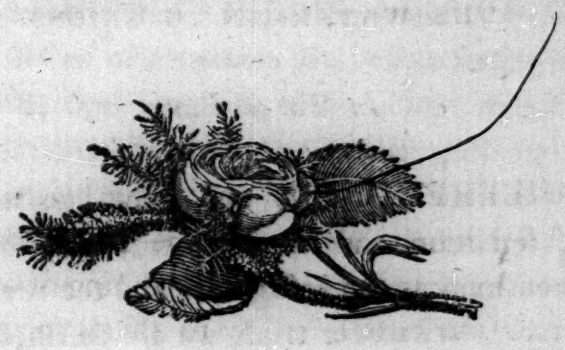
The wiſhes of his benefactor were ſoon accompliſhed, and gratitude was rapidly converted into love. Nervin, who was informed of the merchant's kindneſs, unexpectedly conſented to his ſon-in-law's return, and generouſly deprived himſelf of the ſociety of his child, that her huſband might prove both his attachment and gratitude. Salvery had been ſo long accuſtomed to *employment*, that idleneſs and eaſe would have been irkſome to him; and, by returning to habits of induſtry and application, he evinced his friendſhip, and augmented his fortune. The merchant, delighted at his unexpected return, immediately made him a partner in the buſineſs; and the immenſe profits which were derived from it, ſoon enabled him to return his obligations to the generous Nervin, to whoſe diſintereſted friendſhip he owed the reſtoration of his fame, the increaſe of his fortune, and the ſecurity of his happineſs.

Obſervations on the preceding Story.

IT has frequently been a matter of diſquiſition with the learned, whether *proſperity* or *adverſity* were the greateſt trials; but, in order to determine a point of ſuch diſpute, it is neceſſary to be acquainted with the diſpoſition of the parties who are either ſuddenly raiſed on the pinnacle of *proſperity*, or unexpectedly degraded from an accuſtomed elevation. Good and evil derive both their value and misfortune more from temper of the human mind, than from the abſtract nature of themſelves. We ſometimes meet with characters in life ſo deſtitute of ſenſibility, and ſo devoid of feeling, that the moſt ſudden change of circumſtances are encountered with apathy and indifference. But ſhall we applaud a being for meeting adverſity with calmneſs, whoſe heart is too callous to be penetrated by its ſhafts? As well might we praiſe the rock that bears without repining the inceſſant daſhing of a raging tide, or attribute humility to a ſnail for making no attempt to ſoar. That character alone merits applauſe, which *feels* without *repining*, and ſubmits without *complaint*.

The

The natural thoughtleſſneſs and preſumption of youth, are the means of ſubjecting that period of life to inadvertencies, which would doubtleſs be unpardonable in riper years; but when guilt does not tarniſh, or vice diſgrace, the character, uncharitable muſt be that mind which unfeelingly condemns it. Who, that had beheld the youthful follies and extravagance of a Salvery, could have imagined that his mind was capable of ſuch magnanimity? Or who, that had witneſſed the elegance to which he had been accuſtomed, would have ſuppoſed that he could have deſcended to ſlavery and dependence? His actions were an eulogium on his character, and the moſt elaborate praiſe would be inferior to his merits.



TALE THE TWELFTH.

THE WATERMEN OF BESONS.

In Three Parts.

CHEERFULNESS and good-humour, reſignation and contentment, may be conſidered both as the inſtigators and the reward of Virtue. Whatever trials we are deſtined to endure, whatever calamities we are doomed to ſuſtain, yet, if they neither ſpring from the ſources of

of iniquity, or the deſigns of guilt, the inſpiring influence of an approving conſcience will always enable us to ſupport them with reſignation. This conſolatory effect, which ariſes from virtue, extends its influence through every claſs of ſociety, and ſuſtains the peaſant in the midſt of poverty with as firm and ſecure a ſupport, as the prince can derive from it ſurrounded with ſplendor. To prove the truth of this obſervation, and diſplay a few inſtances of ſuffering merit, I ſhall entertain my readers with the humble Hiſtory of the Watermen of Beſons, and the intereſting one of the fair Bathilda.

Upon a lovely evening, in the month of July, a ſmall party of friends, fond of admiring the varieties of nature, retired from the brilliant circle of a crowded drawing-room, to enjoy its beauties on the banks of the Seine. The converſation imperceptibly turned upon the elevations and degradations which pervaded ſociety, when one of the party, by way of reconciling theſe varieties with the juſtice of an impartial Creator, affirmed that happineſs (which was far preferable to riches) was more frequently to be found beneath the humble roof of a thatched cottage, than

within the palace of magnificence and wealth. "And ſuppoſe (ſaid he) by way of proving my "hypotheſis, we view the inhabitants of the "little hut before us; and I dare believe we "ſhall behold the ſmiles of contentment ſweeten-"ing the fare which induſtry has gained, and "adding a reliſh to the wholeſome viand, which "culinary ſkill could never beſtow."

It was immediately agreed that the experiment ſhould be tried; and as they approached the humble dwelling, they were not a little aſtoniſhed at being regaled with the ſmell of a rich *matelote*. [A favourite diſh in France, compoſed of eels ſtewed in wine, with ſpice, &c.] "Here is "ſomething more *ſavoury* than the ſmiles of "*contentment*, however," ſaid a young lady of the party, addreſſing the gentleman who had propoſed the plan; "and if *Happineſs* is really the "inhabitant of Arcadia, *Luxury*, I fancy, has "been her *Introductreſs*. But," continued ſhe, lifting up the latch of the door, "I am impa-"tient to behold this *ideal Divinity*."

The order of the table, the cleanlineſs of the cloth, and the countenances of thoſe who ſurrounded

rounded it, were no leſs ſtriking than the diſh which ſmoaked before them; and it was highly neceſſary that ſome one of the party ſhould take upon them to apologize for ſo unwarrantable an intruſion.

"We were attracted," ſaid a young lady, of the name of Adelaide, "by the delicious ſmell of "your ſavoury *matelote*; and ——" The young woman who was placed at the head of the table (ſurrounded by three lovely children) did not ſuffer her to finiſh the ſentence, but, with a courteſy and hoſpitality of manner that would have done honour to a more elevated *ſeat*, inſtantly aroſe, and offered her's.

"Do not let us interrupt you," continued Adelaide. "But if another evening you would "dreſs exactly ſuch another diſh for us, and per-"mit us to have the pleaſure of partaking of it "in your cottage, we ſhould conſider ourſelves "your debtors, and make a grateful return for "your kindneſs."

"You ſhall have a *better than that*, I pro-"miſe you," ſaid a ruddy-looking man, (appa-

rently about five-and-thirty,) whoſe ſmiling countenance proved that *happineſs* was the inmate of *his breaſt*; "and exactly ſuch a one as I uſed to "make for the *Great Mogul*, until the King of "Perſia carried me away with the reſt of his "treaſures. But I forgive him; becauſe (though "he did not intend it) he was the means of my "firſt ſeeing my dear Bathilda; and but for his "plundering my maſter, I might have ended all "my days in India, without enjoying the happi-"neſs of being either a huſband or a father."

"The *Great Mogul!* and the King of Per-"ſia!" exclaimed the ladies. "What mar-"vellous events muſt have marked your life! "We ſhould be infinitely indebted to you, if "you would indulge us with the relation of "them."

"Not *very marvellous*," replied the Fiſherman; (for ſuch they diſcovered him to be, by the nets which were carefully ſpread on the graſs before the cottage;) "becauſe they were the effects "of natural circumſtances. And there is my "father-in-law likewiſe, who has had as many "adventures as myſelf, will agree with me in "this

"this opinion. He has ſeen ſomething of life;
"and would never have been here, if the watch
"belonging to the Dey of Algiers had not want-
"ed repairing. And as to my beloved Bathilda,
"why, her ſtory's more remarkable than any;
"yet, when you hear it, you will perceive that
"cauſe and effect follow one another with as
"much regularity as day and night."

The philoſophy of the cottager's reaſoning increaſed their deſire to be acquainted with his life; and it was unanimouſly determined that the next evening ſhould be devoted to the hearing his adventures, and the eating his *matelote*.

Punctual to the time, and eager for information, the party arrived at this manſion of contentment, where the ſmiling countenances of its unambitious inhabitants ſeemed to inſpire them with a portion of their own felicity. The *matelote* ſmelt inviting, was ready to be ſerved up; and the moment they were ſeated around the humble board, the preparer of it began the following narration.

"My

" My hiſtory, ladies and gentlemen, will not " be very tedious; for though I have ſeen a " great deal of life, it was all comprized " within a few years. This cottage, which is " the ſcene of my happineſs, belonged to my " father, Nicholas Verbois, who, practiſing " the trade I now follow, ſupported his family " in credit and reſpectability. But it was not " merely to his ſkill in rowing and *fiſhing* that " he owed his fortune; for his art in dreſſing " *matelotes*, and other ſavoury diſhes, gave ſuch " a degree of credit to our houſe, that he ſoon " became more renowned as a *cook*, than famous " as a *waterman*; and moſt of the wedding- " dinners within the vicinity of the neighbour- " hood were abſolutely dreſt in this very houſe.

" When I grew old enough to wait upon the " gueſts, I ſupplied the place of a better aſſiſt- " ant; and, from attending to the converſations " that paſſed amongſt the company, I ſoon be- " gan to think I might improve my ſituation; " and that the waiter of an inn, and the dreſſer " of a *matelote*, were degrading occupations for a " lad of ſpirit. This idea had no ſooner taken " poſſeſſion of my mind, than I began to form

" a thouſand

" a thouſand plans for my own aggrandizement;
" and at length reſolved to quit my father's houſe,
" and enter on board the firſt ſhip I could meet
" with that was bound to India.

" This ill-judged ſcheme was ſoon accom-
" pliſhed; and in leſs than ſix months I was
" tranſported to Indoſtan. To obtain favour
" with the Captain, I had diſplayed my ſkill in
" the art of cookery; and, upon his arrival in
" that land of luxury and gratification, he boaſt-
" ed of my abilities to the Nabob of Delhi
" in ſuch terms of pleaſure and applauſe, that I
" was immediately retained as *king of the kitchen*.
" My fame ſoon reached the Emperor's court;
" and, in conſequence of it, I had the honour
" of being engaged in his ſervice. And there it
" was, ladies, that I uſed to prepare his *mate-*
" *lotes* with the ſame ingredients as *that* you are
" now eating: and there I ſhould now have been,
" if the King of Perſia's ambition had not im-
" pelled him to diſturb the tranquillity of my
" maſter. Not contented with plundering the
" provinces, and ſlaughtering the ſoldiers, he
" brought his army to the very gates of Delhi,
" and taking poſſeſſion of the Emperor's pa-
" lace,

" lace, conſidered *me* among the number of his " *ſpoils*.

" It was in vain that I requeſted to remain " with my royal maſter. My culinary ſkill had " been related to the tyrant; and though he " pretended a fondneſs for abſtemiouſneſs, yet " in his heart he was a complete *epicure*; and I " was very near forfeiting both my liberty and " life, from his having ſurfeited himſelf by eat- " ing a ragout, which I had ſome difficulty to " perſuade him was not poiſoned; and, after his " recovery, I was carried into Perſia, where I " remained near ſeven years, during which time " he was at war with the Turks.

" Soon after his return to his capital, I was " greatly alarmed by being ſummoned into his " preſence, imagining I had incurred the ty- " rant's diſpleaſure; but I had the happineſs of " finding he was not only pleaſed with my fide- " lity, but intended to reward it by a beſtowal " of liberty, from an idea that my high-ſeaſoned " diſhes had corrupted the taſtes of the creatures " of his court.

" I quitted

" I quitted Iſpahan with the livelieſt ſenſa-
" tions of pleaſure and delight; and the firſt
" idea that occurred to my mind was, to return
" immediately to my former maſter: but the
" proofs I had received of the Emperor's liberality
" made me anxious to enjoy it amongſt my fa-
" mily and friends. With this intention I began
" my journey, feaſting my imagination with
" the delightful proſpect of *liberty* and *inde-*
" *pendence* in my native land. But, alas! all
" my ſchemes of ideal happineſs were deſtined
" to expire before I had quitted the Diarbec
" plains. A body of Arabs unfortunately over-
" took me, and fancying themſelves intitled to
" my newly-acquired wealth, robbed me of every
" part of it, except a few ſequins I had luckily
" ſecreted under my veſt.

" This, to be ſure, was a ſad ſtroke upon
" me: but murmurs or diſcontent would have
" been of no avail. The Arabs I knew ſup-
" ported themſelves by plunder; and it was
" as much their buſineſs to practiſe it, as it was
" mine to ſeaſon a *matelote:* but I was then in a
" ſpot where there were neither people to eat
" or ingredients for dreſſing it; and therefore it

" was

" was neceſſary for me, as ſoon as poſſible, to " get to ſome place where my ſkill as a cook " would ſupply food for my own exiſtence. Im- " mediately I reſolved to make the beſt of my " way to Aleppo, knowing I could eaſily get a " paſſage from thence to any of the European " ports. There, then, ladies, I arrived, with- " out any thing material happening during the " courſe of my tedious journey; but *there* it was " that my heart became ſenſible of a tender im- " preſſion, that will end but with my life.

" It is the cuſtom in that commercial city to " expoſe the ſlaves which are intended for ſale " each day in the open market-place; and as " I was examining thoſe unfortunate beings, the " appearance of *one* amongſt the number pecu- " liarly intereſted both my humanity and my " heart. She was young, lovely, intereſting, " and unfortunate; and her countenance was " expreſſive of ſuch exquiſite ſenſibility, that an " anchorite could not have beheld it with indif- " ference. As I gazed upon her charms, and " commiſerated her ſorrows, I involuntarily " ſighed forth in my own language, the ſympa- " thizing exclamation of ' *Poor Girl!*' with-

" out

" out ſuppoſing ſhe would either attend to or
" underſtand my meaning. But how was I
" aſtoniſhed at hearing her enquire who it was
" that *pitied her misfortunes*; and, in a ſtill
" lower tone of voice, conjure me, if I was
" a Frenchman, to ſave her from falling into
" the hands of the Infidels. Then it was that
" I firſt bewailed my poverty, and curſed the
" rapacity of the inhuman Arabs. I repeatedly
" counted my little hoard, hoping, yet *dreading*,
" it would not obtain the prize.

" Upon making application to her inhuman
" maſter, I had the misfortune of finding ſhe
" was above my purchaſe; and whilſt I was
" ruminating upon ſome plan for her deliver-
" ance, I had the miſery of ſeeing her diſpoſed
" of to another. I had juſt time to tell her my
" name, and the place of my abode, to lament
" my poverty, and aſſure her of my friendſhip,
" when the old man who had purchaſed her
" interrupted our converſation; yet, as he led
" her reluctantly away, I promiſed I would
" deviſe ſome means for her enlargement, and
" conjured her, if poſſible, to write to me at
" Beſons. Her diſtreſs at being torn from me

" was

" was more violent than my own; yet, whilſt " ſobs almoſt ſtifled her utterance, ſhe informed " me her name was Bathilda Lorizan, and that " her father was in captivity as well as herſelf.

" The image of the unfortunate Bathilda " eternally occupied or *haunted* my *imagination*; " it went with me from Aleppo to Smyrna, " from Smyrna to Marſeilles, and from Mar- " ſeilles to Beſons. There it quitted me for " a ſhort period; for the account I heard of my " father's death left the remembrance of his " tenderneſs entire poſſeſſion of my mind. He " had periſhed in an attempt to reſcue ſome men " from drowning; and the idea, that had I re- " mained upon the ſpot, I might have preſerved " his exiſtence, filled my boſom with remorſe " as well as ſorrow. Time, however, leſſened " theſe impreſſions; and Bathilda again took poſ- " ſeſſion of my mind with renewed force from " this temporary abſence.

" The hope of being enabled to reſcue her " from ſlavery, made labour pleaſing, and ap- " plication light. I roſe early, toiled late, and " was unremittingly aſſiduous to increaſe my

" ſtore-

" ſtore. My labours were fortunately crowned
" with ſucceſs; and I was ſoon maſter of a ſum
" ſufficient to reſcue the object of my ſolicitude
" from ſlavery. But where, alas! was ſhe to
" be found, and which way was I to wander in
" purſuit of her? My mind became a prey to
" hope and expectation, and I began to deſpair
" of obtaining my prize.

" In this painful ſtate of doubt and uncertain-
" ty, I was accidentally informed, there was to
" be a proceſſion at Paris of ſlaves who had re-
" cently been delivered from captivity, and it
" was poſſible my Bathilda might be of the
" number. With trembling ſteps, and palpita-
" ting heart, I haſtened to the ſcene of hope
" and fear; but in vain. Bathilda, alas! was
" not amongſt them. Grieved and diſappointed,
" I was about to return, when the idea that
" ſome of them might be able to inform me of
" her fate, checked the intention, and revived
" my hopes: and judge of the pleaſure I muſt
" have experienced, when the firſt I addreſſed
" proved to be her father!

" The

"The intereſt I had taken in his daughter's "happineſs, was ſufficient to recommend me "to his favour; and I found little difficulty in "perſuading him to quit Paris with me, and "ſhare the comforts of my cottage at Beſons. "Though he was wholly ignorant of the fate "of my Bathilda, and gave up his mind to the "moſt gloomy preſages, yet the circumſtance "of my having diſcovered him in ſo extraordi-"nary a manner, inſpired my feelings with the "moſt pleaſing confidence; and as Providence "had brought about one ſingular event, I in-"dulged the hope that he would produce ano-"ther. My father-in-law ſoon learned the trade "of a waterman; and here we lived in amity "and expectation, until the happy circumſtance "occurred that reſtored to our arms the beloved "object of our mutual ſolicitude. But now, "ladies, it is my father's turn to entertain you "with his adventures."

Part the Second.

" My Story, ladies," ſaid the father of Bathilda, " can only entertain you as it is con-
" nected with my child's; and the moſt extraor-
" dinary part of it is, that we ſhould ever have
" been re-united, after having ſpent ſo many
" years apart. But Providence, you know, di-
" recteth all events, and his power can accom-
" pliſh in a moment what the efforts of huma-
" nity would take ages to produce.

" My father's ſkill in the art of watch-making
" had raiſed him to ſuch a degree of eminence
" in the trade, that Peter the Great, having
" heard of his abilities, earneſtly invited him to
" the Ruſſian Court; and, anxious to patronize
" men of merit, gave him repeated marks both
" of his favour and approbation. Pleaſed with
" the ſmiles, and elevated with the patronage, of
" ſo great a ſovereign, my father looked forward
" to my future aggrandizement; and, inſtead of
" inſtructing me in an art by which I might have
" made an ample fortune, was only anxious to

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" to my future aggrandizement; and, inſtead of
" inſtructing me in an art by which I might have
" made an ample fortune, was only anxious to

" have me initiated into the rules of ſcience and
" mathematics.

" From this error, ſo common, and yet ſo
" weak, in parents, I in ſome meaſure date my
" ſubſequent misfortunes: for the intenſe appli-
" cation this ſtudy required, was more injurious
" to my health than the ſeverity of the climate;
" and my father, who perceived its effect upon
" my conſtitution, on his death-bed, conjured
" me to remove my family to a more ſouthern
" part of the Ruſſian empire, and by that means
" expoſed me to the incurſions of the Tartars.
" The Czar's death, which had happened a
" ſhort time before my father's, paved the way
" to the revolution that followed; and the
" change of meaſures which were the reſult
" of it, were ſo oppoſite to my political opi-
" nions, that I reſolved to follow my father's
" counſel, and remove my family to the banks
" of the Volga. My wife, on whom I doated
" with an exceſs of fondneſs, lived but a ſhort
" time after this removal; and had ſhe not left
" me a pledge of her affection, neither mathe-
" matics or philoſophy would have ſaved me
" from deſpair; but, in attempting to ſupply

" the

" the loſs my little infant had ſuſtained, my " mind was imperceptibly attracted from the " melancholy contemplation of my own.

" In cultivating my farm, improving my " ſlaves, and in forming the mind of my Bathilda; " fifteen years paſſed placidly away; and if I " had not regained happineſs, I certainly had " acquired tranquillity; when the ſtorm which " had been at that period gathering, unexpected- " ly burſt upon my devoted head. The Tartars, " who reſide within the vicinity of the Volga, " make frequent incurſions on the Ruſſian terri- " tories; and, not ſatisfied with plundering the " wretched inhabitants of their property, ſome- " times deprive them both of liberty and life.

" A lawleſs band of theſe inhuman ruffians " forcibly broke into my peaceable abode; and " making themſelves maſters of all my wealth, " tore from my arms their deareſt treaſure. " Oh! when I reflect upon that night of horror, " when I re-trace the moment I was dragged " from my Bathilda, the agonizing pangs which " then rent my heart, ſeem even now to agitate " its motion; and the ſhrill cries that pierced

" me with their ſound, now ſeem to vibrate on
" my awakened ſenſes!

" Had I been ſuffered to accompany her in
" captivity, or could I have known her intended
" fate, ſlavery would have been deprived of half
" its horrors; but the wretches who had taken
" poſſeſſion, immediately rode away with their
" prize; and I was ſoon after ſold to an aged
" Muſſulman. The inactive and ſtudious life I
" had led, rendered me incapable of any labori-
" ous employment; and though I was allowed
" to be docile and good-tempered, yet I was
" conſidered as a uſeleſs kind of animal, and was
" continually changing both my ſituation and
" maſters.

" If the weight of my misfortunes had not
" totally deſtroyed the vigour of my mind, I
" might have derived ſatisfaction from variety
" of ſcene; for I became the property of ſo
" many different people, that I travelled over
" the greateſt part of the eaſtern globe. At
" length I became ſtationary at Damaſcus; and
" my maſter treated me with both affection and
" kindneſs: but juſt as I was congratulating
" myſelf

" myſelf upon the comfort of this eſtabliſh-
" ment, a trifling circumſtance deprived me of
" it. My maſter, who was a believer in the
" doctrine of Pythagoras, (that, at the diſſolu-
" tion of life, the ſoul took poſſeſſion of ſome
" animal body, and remained in that ſtate a cer-
" tain time, until it had expiated paſt offences,)
" unfortunately ſaw me chaſtiſe a dog; and,
" ſhocked at my having been guilty of what he
" conſidered an unpardonable crime, reſolved to
" get rid of ſo great a ſinner; and I was accord-
" ingly ſold to the Dey of Algiers, who had
" ſent to Damaſcus for an interpreter of lan-
" guages.

" I ſoon diſcovered that, under the appearance
" of ſagacity, this man concealed the moſt futile
" weakneſs; and, under the maſk of acquiring
" knowledge, he merely indulged a childiſh
" curioſity. Although he was eternally aſking
" queſtions, and appearing amazingly intereſted
" in the replies, yet he was always ſatisfied
" with the moſt equivocal anſwers, provided
" they were given with an air of importance;
" yet he was extremely petulant and froward;
" and if I had not replied to all his ridiculous

" interrogations, would immediately have given
" way to the moſt violent fit of paſſion. One
" evening, when he had wearied me with re-
" quiring definitions of things that could hardly
" be defined, he deſired me to inform him what
" became of the *falling ſtars*. Had I told him
" that the ſtars were fixed bodies, and that the
" fall of the moſt minute one would conflagrate
" the earth; or that the luminous and deſcend-
" ing light, which he denominated a falling ſtar,
" was occaſioned by two ſmall clouds paſſing
" over each other, filled with ſulphureous or
" nitrous exhalations; he would have been en-
" raged almoſt to madneſs: but when I inform-
" ed him they compoſed *new moons*, he was per-
" fectly ſatisfied with the explanation, childiſh-
" ly demanding what became of the *old ones*:
" and this queſtion I eaſily ſolved, by ſaying
" they broke in pieces, and formed freſh ſtars.
" Upon enquiring whether we had ſun, moon,
" or ſtars, belonging to my country, I anſwered
" in the negative, adding, that the people there
" were ſatisfied with benefiting from the uſe of
" his. The manifeſt ſuperiority which he en-
" joyed was highly gratifying to his puerile
" imagination; and he ever after ſeemed to con-

" ſider

" ſider *himſelf* as the only being of *importance*
" in the creation.

" A trifling circumſtance, however, ſoon oc-
" curred, which diſturbed the tranquillity of
" his magnanimous mind, but was the means of
" reſcuing me from captivity. A time-piece, of
" of which he was extravagantly fond, and
" which he imagined was under the direction of
" ſome *ſupernatural power*, ſuddenly refuſed to
" perform its diurnal courſe with that degree of
" regularity to which it had been accuſtomed.
" Sometimes it would intirely ſtop; and at others
" proceed with a rapidity of motion, that ſeem-
" ed to convince its maſter its was anxious to re-
" cover the time it had ſo ſluggiſhly loſt. The
" Dey declared it had loſt its ſenſes, and pro-
" miſed a moſt liberal reward to the perſon who
" ſhould be fortunate enough to reſtore them.
" The whole palace was abſolutely in terror at
" the event, and it was conſidered by all as
" a moſt unlucky omen.

" Fortunately for me, I had, when a boy,
" paid ſome attention to my father's buſineſs;
" and the hope of being enabled to obtain my

" liberty, induced me to undertake the extraor-
" dinary cure. The Dey was enraptured at the
" idea of its recovery, and moſt ſacredly pro-
" miſed I ſhould obtain my freedom. My under-
" taking was attended with the moſt complete
" ſucceſs; and my maſter's joy could only be
" equalled by my own. The liberty he had
" promiſed was immediately granted, and I quit-
" ted Algiers in a tranſport of delight. Juſt at
" the period of my emancipation, ſeveral other
" captives were redeemed from ſlavery; and
" it was reſolved immediately, upon our arrival
" in Paris, we ſhould form a proceſſion, and
" return public thanks. With the reſult of this,
" ladies, you are already acquainted; and I have
" only to hope my Story has not been wholly
" unentertaining."

Part the Third.

" I SHALL begin my Story, ladies, (ſaid
" the ſtill beautiful Bathilda,) from the moſt
" diſtreſſing circumſtance that could occur to a
" girl who had ſcarcely attained her fifteenth
" year; I mean the being torn from the ſhelter-

" ing

" ing arms of a fond and an indulgent parent. " The inſtructions I had received from my ear- " lieſt infancy, had all tended to inſpire me with " the love of virtue; and I was taught to believe " the Divine Being would never forſake thoſe " who followed all his precepts. This reliance " upon the guardianſhip of heaven enabled me " to ſupport the ſeverity of the blow; and " though I trembled with horror at my perilous " ſituation, yet the idea of an inviſible Protector " cheered me amidſt the dreadful ſcene.

" The inhuman wretch who had forced me " from my father, placed me reluctantly upon " his horſe; and, inattentive to my prayers and " perſuaſions, ſoon bore me from the ſight of my " dear abode. We travelled for ſome miles with " amazing rapidity, and it was with difficulty I " retained my uneaſy ſeat. At length we arrived " on a ſpacious plain, where the tents that ſur- " rounded it convinced me it muſt be a camp. " My appearance attracted a crowd of beholders, " all of whom congratulated my companion on " the prize he had obtained; whilſt he, inſtead " of appearing flattered by their applauſe, ap- " peared to view them with envy and diſtruſt.

" When theſe barbarians had quitted the tent, " he invited me to partake of his ſanguinary re- " paſt, which merely conſiſted of undreſt food. " From this ſhocking meal I turned with diſguſt, " when he fetched me ſome milk, and inſiſted " upon my taking it. I was too much in his " power to diſpute his authority, and ſubmiſſive- " ly drank the beverage he commanded. The " horror of my ſituation is not to be deſcribed; " and the dread of being for ever ſeparated from " the dear author of my exiſtence, ſo completely " overpowered and agonized my feelings, that I " gave way to the moſt violent paroxyſms of " ſorrow. Wholly unmoved by the violence of " my affliction, he ſuddenly completed his can- " nibal repaſt; then ſpreading a bear ſkin in one " corner of the tent, taught me, by a ſign, it " was intended for my repoſe.

" Exhauſted by the violence of my grief, and " fatigued by the exertion of my long journey, " I ſilently recommended myſelf to the care of " heaven; and ſtretching my weary limbs upon " the uneaſy pallet, unexpectedly enjoyed a re- " freſhing ſlumber.

" At

" At an early hour the next morning I was
" again mounted behind my conductor, and hur-
" ried away to the port of Azoph, where I was
" ſold to an emiſſary of the Grand Seignor's,
" who, attracted by my beauty, purchaſed me
" for the Seraglio. During my voyage I was
" treated both with reſpect and kindneſs; and,
" ignorant of the deſtiny that awaited me, my
" mind acquired a degree of compoſure. On
" my arrival at the Grand Seignor's palace, I
" was placed under the care of ſeveral duennas,
" and, together with ſome other girls of my
" own age, inſtructed in thoſe arts moſt likely to
" render us pleaſing.

" The thoughts of being ſeparated from my
" beloved father embittered every moment of my
" life, and I was frequently rebuked for an in-
" dulgence of melancholy, and told that I ought
" to conſider myſelf both fortunate and happy.
" I had long been anxious to diſcover for what
" we were deſigned; but the vigilance of our
" governeſſes precluded the poſſibility of private
" converſation. At length, however, I con-
" trived to elude it, and had the miſery of diſ-
" covering my future deſtiny.

" The

" The idea of permitting liberties from a " man, was to me the moſt ſhocking that could " enter the imagination; and, rather than ſub- " mit to the Sultan's embraces, I determined to " deſtroy my own exiſtence. Whenever he " condeſcended to viſit our apartment, I made a " point of appearing both gloomy and dejected; " and by that means I had ſeveral times the hap- " pineſs of *eſcaping unnoticed*; or of being diſ- " approved.

" The Sultana, his mother, frequently came " to ſee us; and as her ſon was the general ſub- " ject of her converſation, ſhe accidentally in- " formed us of an inſurmountable weakneſs, and " lamented, with tears, his unconquerable anti- " pathy both to cats and mice. Soon after I had " obtained this intelligence, I had the misfor- " tune to attract this potent monarch's obſerva- " tion, who, apologizing for the neglect he had " ſhewn me, ſeemed anxious to obtain my fa- " vour by a moſt marked and decided pre- " ference.

" With the moſt melancholy and dejected air, " I ſaw myſelf attired with eaſtern magnificence, " and

" and was ſeverely rebuked by my old governeſs
" for my ingratitude and inſenſibility, on an oc-
" caſion of ſuch exultation and triumph. After
" having been abſolutely bathed with perfumes,
" I was conducted by the Prime Miniſter to the
" Sultan's apartment; and though I was reſolved
" to avoid his careſſes, my footſteps could ſcarce-
" ly ſupport my tottering frame.

" The moment his attendants had quitted the
" apartment, the Sultan endeavoured to baniſh
" my timidity; but whilſt he was trying to rally
" my courage, his own ſuddenly forſook him,
" by my well-feigned imitation of the mewing
" of a cat. Inſtantly ſpringing from his recum-
" bent poſture, he loudly vociferated, ' A cat!
" a cat!' and, before any of his pages could ar-
" rive to his aſſiſtance, the fright deprived him
" both of ſenſe and motion.

" The Sultana's aſſiſtance was immediately
" called; and the palace ſearched to find the
" animal; and, upon their not being able to diſ-
" cover it, ſhe endeavoured to perſuade him the
" alarm had ariſen merely from the effect of his
" own imagination. I was ready, however, to

" confirm

" confirm his prejudice, and ſtedfaſtly maintain-
" ed that I had heard a cat. This alarming
" circumſtance (as I expected) had ſo completely
" effected both his health and ſpirits, that he was
" utterly incapable of enjoying my ſociety; and
" I was remanded back to my own apartment
" with the ſame degree of ceremony as attended
" my quitting it.

" Unſuſpicious of the trick that had been
" played him, and anxious to convince me of
" the warmth of his affection, I was invited to
" the ſaloon on the following evening. The
" moment he beheld me, he aroſe from his ſeat,
" and ſeizing my hand with an air of tenderneſs,
" preſſed it to his boſom, and placed me by his
" ſide. There I had been but a little time
" ſeated, when I contrived, unperceived, to
" ſcratch againſt the cuſhions; and ſoon had the
" pleaſure of obſerving his countenance rapidly
" undergo a variety of changes. I pretended
" ignorance of the cauſe, and anxiouſly inquired
" into the ſtate of his health; but, without wait-
" ing to relieve my ſolicitude, he ran out of the
" ſaloon, and retired to his cloſet.

" The

" The circumſtances of the *cat* and *mouſe* " both intruding upon the Sultan during *my* " *viſits*, called forth the ſuſpicion of his lady " mother; and my governeſs having found a " French book in my poſſeſſion, perſuaded her " that I underſtood ſorcery, and, by the aſſiſt- " ance of that inſidious machine, had the power " of attracting whatever animals were obnox- " ious to her ſon. Notwithſtanding the futility " of this idea, it obtained belief with the credu- " lous Sultana; and the Sultan had already ſuf- " fered ſo ſeverely in my preſence, that he was " not anxious to expoſe himſelf to a repetition " of it.

" It was accordingly determined that I ſhould " quit the Seraglio; and I was ſent as a preſent " to a Perſian Prince, who inhabited one of the " Emperor's palaces at Adrianople. This young " man, who was extremely amiable, uſed every " means in his power to inſpire my boſom with " a mutual tenderneſs; and diſintereſtedly pro- " miſed, if he could not ſucceed, to reſtore me " my freedom at the expiration of three months. " This generous intention was, however, de- " feated by the cruel machinations of his in-

" ſidious enemies, who, inſtead of openly diſ-
" cloſing their deſigns, broke into his palace,
" and carried him into captivity.

" The misfortunes of the Prince were attach-
" ed to his ſlave; and I was conveyed from
" Adrianople, to be ſold at Aleppo. There it
" was that I firſt beheld Andrew, and that the
" ſoothings of his ſympathy ſeemed for a moment
" to blunt the edge of my ſorrow. The abandon-
" ed libertine whom he ſaw make the purchaſe,
" was more to be dreaded than the monarch of a
" Seraglio; but the Power which had guarded
" me in ſuch perilous ſituations, unexpectedly
" reſcued me from the tyrant's hands, and I be-
" came the property of another maſter.

" You will not think my ſituation much im-
" proved, when I tell you I was purchaſed from
" him by a Barbary corſair, with an intention
" of carrying me to Grand Cairo; and nothing
" could have ſaved me from the melancholy fate
" of again being immured within the walls of a
" Seraglio, but our providentially encountering
" a Malteſe galley, which being ſuperior in force
" to our trading veſſel, eaſily boarded, and took
" poſſeſſion of her.

" This

" This was a reſcue from the jaws of deſtruc-
" tion, and I became the property of one of the
" moſt amiable of men. The Chevalier de
" Lancy (that was his name) at firſt appeared
" ſtruck with my beauty and misfortunes; but
" finding me not inclined to liſten to his paſ-
" ſion, he generouſly proved himſelf a diſinte-
" reſted friend. Accident convinced me he had
" a prior attachment, and I conjured him to re-
" commend me to the ſervice of the lady. Our
" veſſel was bound to the port of Marſeilles,
" and the lady in queſtion reſided in Paris. The
" praiſes of the Chevalier were a paſſport to her
" favour, and I was received with affection,
" and entertained with kindneſs.

" If I could ever have forgotten Andrew's
" ſolicitude, my vicinity to Beſons would have
" reminded me of it; but, from the painful mo-
" ment of our ſeparation, his image had been
" engraven upon my remembrance; and ſoon
" after my arrival in Paris, I perſuaded my miſ-
" treſs to make an excurſion on the Seine. We
" ſoon reached the ſpot I was ſo eager to behold,
" and I ſaw the object of my gratitude and
" eſteem. Unable to repreſs the delight of my
" ſenſations,

" ſenſations, I ſuddenly uttered an expreſſive ex-
" clamation. But how ſhall I deſcribe my ex-
" ceſs of joy, when in the ſpace of a few mo-
" ments I found myſelf encircled in my loved
" parent's arms! The Chevalier and my miſtreſs
" participated in our happineſs, and promiſed to
" return to be preſent at our wedding. The
" joy and felicity which we now experience,
" amply compenſates for paſt misfortunes; and
" as we have been tried in the ſchool of adver-
" ſity, we ſhall never be likely to grow arrogant
" from proſperity.

Obſervations on the preceding Story.

THE conſolation which is derived from a reliance upon Providence, enables us to ſupport the moſt ſevere misfortunes; and whilſt our hearts acquit us of intentional indiſcretions, we may boldly brave the arrows of adverſity.

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